The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1914.

The Week

The maximum strength developed by the supporters of the Burnett-Dillingham Immigration bill, which was passed by the House last week, fell short of the two-thirds necessary to pass the bill over a Presidential veto. The bill was passed by 241 votes to 126, but Representative Goldfogle's motion to recommit the bill and strike out the literacy test rallied 140 votes against 239. Assuming that this latter vote represents the temper of the House on the specific issue of a literacy test, it is plain that a veto by Mr. Wilson could not be overriden in the House. A transfer of five votes from the minority to the majority last February would have put the bill on the statute-book in spite of Mr. Taft. It would need a change of fourteen votes from the present showing to pass the bill over Mr. Wilson's head—not a very wide margin, but wide enough, if one considers how bitterly fought the issue and tightly drawn the lines. Hence it is more than ever the duty of the President to make his opposition to the bill effective.

"No merger" is the answer of the Maine Progressives to the suggestion that they join with the Republicans. No other answer was possible in the presence of the eminent anti-mergerist, Mr. Perkins, whose record in such matters is part of his country's proudest history. The temptation to unite with their former associates was rejected the more easily because of the assurance that the National Committee would send both money and men into the State to assist in the fight. Party loyalty and the natural human inclination not to allow anything to go to waste unnecessarily thus combined to insure the continuance of Democratic success in the State of Reed and Dingley. A stranger to our politics might suppose that it was the Democratic National Committee that was promising sinews of war to one wing of a divided foe, but this would be to apply logic to politics too thoroughly. Think of the glory of the Maine Progressives in defeating, not one party merely, but two; and if worst comes to worst, there is always the certainty of a moral victory.

It is difficult to believe that William Allen White and the Emporia *Gazette* take Armageddon as seriously as they ought. Just because that newspaper, long the only Republican paper in its county, by turning Progressive has left "hundreds of sincere and worthy men and women without a party organ," it will, during the coming campaign, "print, without charge, as news, the Republican ticket two or three times a week." Republican announcements will be accepted at the usual rates, but Democratic announcements, as heretofore, will not be accepted at any rates, "as the Democrats have their own paper." More:

> Mr. Mason, who contributes a column in the paper, is free to support the Republican ticket and the Republican candidates, if he chooses to, and during the months of September and October the Republican State and county committees may have a column in the *Gazette*, without price, to edit as they please.

Speaking for an Absent One, we desire to know why a Progressive newspaper should give any space to Republican lies when from the very beginning of the Progressive movement the columns of all of the important newspapers have been closed to it, under orders from Wall Street.

A short-ballot measure for New York State elections has been introduced in the Senate by Mr. Murtaugh and in the Assembly by Mr. Stoddard. It proposes an amendment of the Constitution providing that the Secretary of State, the Attorney-General, the Treasurer, the Controller, and the State Engineer shall be appointed by the Governor, these appointments not to be subject to confirmation by the Senate. They are to be removable at the pleasure of the Governor without limitation, except that in the case of the Controller a statement of the reasons for the removal must be given to the incumbent. If this amendment should be adopted, the only offices appearing on the general State ballot would be those of Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, and judges. The sentiment in favor of the short ballot is strong and general, and we believe that opposition to it is very slight among the members of any party, exclusive of those who are "in politics." It is difficult to point to any public end that is served by the election of the heads of the State departments that would not be better served, or at least equally served, by their appointment by the Governor. The further shortening of the State ballot by the elimination of the judgeships—either through making them appointive or through holding judicial elections at a different time—would add greatly to the benefit sought by this proposal.

Necessity is the mother of scientific financing. Of this fact, New Jersey is the latest exemplar. With expenditures outrunning receipts, her legislators are now forced to consider the problem of the State's finances from the point of view not of political advantage merely, but rather of financial sanity. If a direct tax were not so fearsome a thing, nothing, apparently, would stand in the way of voting money without reference to revenue. But elections may turn on the imposition or the increase of a direct tax, and so there is nothing for it but to resort to downright study of the balance sheet. This is very dull compared with the careless acceptance of whatever estimates the State departments happen to submit, but it is a necessity in more States than New Jersey. What a well-regulated Government might be expected to do instinctively we are thus forced to do by the woful condition of our State finances. Some savings will doubtless be made in New Jersey as a result of close examination of the existing budget, but they will almost certainly go only a small part of the way towards turning a deficit into a surplus. The Legislature will have to face the hard alternative of not attempting so much or finding the money to pay for whatever is attempted.

Secretary Rex has compiled a table showing the expenditures by American cities of 30,000 or more population for municipal market facilities. Of the 193 cities of this size, 14 reported expenditures of more than $10,000 each in 1911; 50 spent between $1,000 and $10,000; 45 expended less than $1,000 each.

This has to do with Chicago's municipal-markets commission. A represen-

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tative of South Water Street itself testified that the business done there, of $250,000,000 a year, is "wasteful, uneconomic, and unsanitary." Small disbursements for retail markets are in general profitless unless preceded by a building-up of wholesale terminal markets. The Chicago commission believes that the first step is the establishment of such a central wholesale market. The City Club committee of New York, which studied the local problem in 1912, similarly reported that the retail markets were conducted at a loss, and that "the institution of properly located wholesale markets . . . would seem to be the policy for the future." No American city has yet organized markets that compare with the better ones of Europe. The Halles Centrales of Paris cost about $10,000,000, and the Berlin system $7,000,000.

The political outlook in Pennsylvania is more interesting than any that has been presented in that State for several decades. The announcement that Representative A. Mitchell Palmer is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the Senatorship, with the backing of President Wilson, at once gives the situation national importance. It is half a century since the country has thought of the possibility of any such representation of Pennsylvania in the United States Senate. Not only has the State been sure to send to that body hidebound protectionists, but the Senatorships have been regarded almost absolutely at the disposal of the Republican machine built up and controlled by the Camerons and Quay. Mr. Palmer represents the opposite of all this; and the significance of his candidacy is accentuated by the statement, which he makes in announcing it, that, as he understands, "Vance C. McCormick, of Harrisburg, who from the beginning has been a leader in our movement in Pennsylvania, will be a candidate for Governor." With the Progressives in the field to divide the Republican vote, and with Gifford Pinchot as their probable candidate for Senator, the prospect of Palmer's succeeding Penrose is distinctly encouraging. This result would be justly acclaimed as a big showing for the direct election of United States Senators at one of its first important tests since the adoption of the Seventeenth Amendment.

Southern Senators who have always been loud in asserting their interest in wedding the negro to the soil now neatly contradict themselves in connection with the Lever bill. Its purpose is to further agricultural education by granting $480,000 immediately, $3,000,000 ultimately, for "coöperative extension work" between the State agricultural colleges and the Department of Agriculture. One would think that Senators Smith and Vardaman would leap at an opportunity to train the negro for farm work, and thus keep him out of other occupations. Instead, they are fighting tooth and nail for a provision that appropriations made to each State "shall be administered by such college or colleges as such State may direct"; with the avowed object of permitting Southern Legislatures to cut off every cent from institutions for negroes. To the amendment of Senator Jones, guaranteeing to colleges for the colored their share, the Senators retort with their threadbare argument that the negro can never amount to anything except by white guidance, and must therefore receive all his money through the whites. What has become of all their protestations that the negro's place is on the farm?

That "there are 2,273,603 illiterate males of twenty-one years of age and over in the United States" is a statistical fact, and it is a fact of importance. What ought to be done about it is a question worthy of attention. But the additional statement, made in the report of the House Committee on Education, that this number is "enough to determine any national election at any period of our history" is childish nonsense. It would perhaps not be worth commenting on were it not an example of a vicious custom, extremely common among reformers of all sorts in our time, of blowing great bubbles of imaginary evil out of the figures relating to whatever thing the particular reformer is interested in. The evil of illiteracy is what it is; why try to make of it what it is not?

As to the figures themselves, however, it is to be noted, in the first place, that of the 2,273,000 illiterate adult males, only 617,000 are native whites—including both those of native parentage and those of foreign or mixed parentage. The negro illiterates, 819,000 in number, are, of course, almost entirely included among the inhabitants of the Southern States in which the negro vote is powerless to affect the result; and, what is a more cheerful thing to point to, that number for 1910 stands against 976,000 for 1900—a *decrease* of 157,000 in the number of *illiterates* among the negro male adult population, while the *total* of that population shows an *increase* of 398,000. The process of improvement is not as rapid as it should be, but it is going on. As for the foreign-born adult males, the total number of illiterates among them is 788,000; and in view of the fact that about this amount of net immigration takes place every year, that it takes five years for an immigrant to be naturalized, and that many never get naturalized at all, it is safe to say that only a small fraction of this 788,000 are voters. But a most interesting point remains, concerning the natives of foreign or mixed parentage. These (we are speaking of the adult males all along) number in all 4,500,000; and among this great multitude only 60,000 are illiterate. The proportion of illiteracy in the second generation of our immigrants was thus, according to the Census of 1910, only 1.3 per cent., as against 4.2 per cent. among native whites of native parentage; and as against 2.0 per cent. shown for that same second generation in the Census of 1900.

We confess to being deeply disappointed with Mr. Henry Ford, of Detroit. In response to a telegraphed invitation from a member of the State Executive Committee of the Progressive party asking him to accept the party's nomination for Governor, he has said no—it being obviously proper for a party so emphatically devoted to the rights of the people to offer the Governorship by telegraph through a member of the State Executive Committee. We are disappointed with Mr. Ford, because in so refusing he has written himself down as inconsistent. Initiator of the most far-reaching scheme of profit-sharing on record, Mr. Ford has refused to join hands with the greatest profit-sharing political party on record. Right from the start the Progressive party has shown its readiness to embrace every popular individual in the vicinity, and to share the profits of his popularity with him. To be prominently in the public eye, to evince the promise of great strength at the polls, has been accepted as proof

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that a man was born to be a Bull Moose. For Mr. Ford to refuse to share the profits of the huge advertising he has recently enjoyed is, as we have said, inconsistent.

Could the flabbiest of mollycoddles have spoken out so sharply against the excesses of athleticism in the colleges as Mr. Courtney, of Cornell, did the other day? In speeches before Cornell alumni associations in the West, the greatest of American rowing experts, the field-marshal of countless victories, has explicitly declared that the legitimate work of the university is suffering from too much athletics. Too many men on probation are on the football team, the track team, and even the crew. The strain of too many games and races is bad for the men. The extraordinary development of athletic finance and politics is bad for the morale of the university. The plea that the good athletes are the men who succeed in life will no longer hold. Business men were formerly glad to procure the services of college graduates who had distinguished themselves in athletics, but this is no longer the case. The heads of great manufacturing concerns would rather have men who attended to their class work. The reason, indicated by Mr. Courtney, but not put in so many words, is that probably the athlete of former days was an all-round man, whereas to-day he is an expert—and little else.

It is proposed to alter the name of the Ohio State University to the University of Ohio. The matter is highly complicated. In the first place, the name Ohio State University was chosen to distinguish the new institution from the older Ohio University at Athens. To change the name to the University of Ohio, it is objected, would obscure the distinction between the two universities in the public mind, and thus be a breach of courtesy towards the Athens institution. That is, there is a greater difference between the names Ohio University and Ohio State University than between Ohio University and the University of Ohio. Apparently, the authorities of Ohio Northern University and Ohio Wesleyan University are not particularly concerned with the proposal. The Legislature, or somebody, should do something to keep these various Ohio Universities from being confused with one another. The case is similar to that of the American Boy Scouts and the Boy Scouts of America.

Those who watch developments in journalism with something of a professional interest will keep their eyes on the experiment which the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* is making. At a time when there is so much hasty talk about the need of making newspapers cheaper and commoner, the *Ledger*, under its new management, has boldly struck out in the opposite direction. It began by abandoning its Sunday "comic"—that feature of American journalism which is so utterly incomprehensible to intelligent foreigners. The *Ledger* also raised its price to two cents, and set about giving the money's worth. It prints more news than any one-cent paper can, and looks carefully after its quality. Its advertising rules have been revised with a view to correct standards invariably maintained. In a word, the *Ledger*, instead of flinging itself upon the love of sensation and vulgarity, has made its appeal to intelligent readers.

> We claim that the repressive method has been tried and tried unsuccessfully for over a dozen centuries, and has succeeded only in making this subject [sex]—a subject full of deepest beauty and truth—a matter of shame, secrecy, uncleanness, and dirty jokes.

Thus one ardent defender of the new sociology. It is a confession of faith which invites much speculation, but for the moment one point will suffice. Where do the new sociologists get the anthropologico-statistico-historical information which they bring forward so easily for our confounding? Just how did the writer in question determine that it was a dozen centuries ago that the suppression of sex discussion began? How is it to be reconciled with the other equally authoritative and familiar statement that the suppression of sex and sex-frankness began about ten thousand years ago when the "matriarchate" went to pieces, and male dominance took its place? Did Puritanism begin twelve centuries ago? Was Fielding suppressed in the eighteenth century? Amazing! Here are the Frazers, the Leckys, the Havelock Ellises, who spend a lifetime in formulating the merest timid approximations to the history of human institutions, and along comes Vassar, '08, or Columbia, '11, and has no difficulty in asserting that in 776 A. D. the sex taboo fell upon Europe, and in 1649 the pall of Puritanism settled over England. Where do they get it all?

Mr. Balfour has been performing an extraordinary intellectual feat. It consisted in giving the Gifford Lectures at Glasgow University, in which he dealt with the most abstruse subjects of philosophy, metaphysics, and theology, without a manuscript. All that he had before him was some notes on the back of an envelope. Few men in the world could be so sure of thinking on their feet, or finding the right word, when treating of topics which demand the closest application of the mind. And it must also be remembered that Mr. Balfour was addressing a highly cultivated and critical audience. Its composition was humorously defined by a university poet, at the time when Max Müller delivered the first Gifford Lectures, thirty years ago, as follows:

. . . There were bookworms, lank and bilious,
There were sons of the Bill and the Brief and the Till,
All sleek and supercilious; . . .
Theologians wise, in such glossy ties,
That they shone like the face of Moses;
And elderly dames, of Progressive aims,
With spectacled Roman noses;
And Queen Margaret girls, their teeth like pearls,
And their cheeks as red as roses.

Now it is Sweden which suffers with a rush of militarism to the head. The reason—there is always a pressing reason for armaments—is found in Russia's military preparations in Finland. An amazing Power, this Russia. Eight years ago the world was sneering at the Colossus of the North with the feet of clay. To-day Russia is the trump card for the jingoes of almost half a dozen nations. Sweden is warned against Russia. Austria-Hungary has just been told that Russia has sworn never to rest until her flag floats over the Carpathians. Germany's great war-loan was largely conditioned by the supposed revival of Russia's military strength. Rumania will be urged to defend her recently acquired gains from Bulgaria against Russian resentment. In the Far East, China is arming against the Czar, and Japan naturally watches Russia with mistrust. In the meanwhile the Russian General Staff must be wishing that things within the Empire were only half as well as the jingoes across the border insist they are.

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WILSON AND CONGRESS.

The President is about to make a new and severe test of his influence with Congress. He has let it be known that he is against the clause in the Panama Act exempting American coastwise vessels from Canal tolls, and will urge Congress to repeal it. But instead of addressing himself directly to Congress, he has given out a letter which he has written to Mr. Marbury, of Baltimore. It states his position unmistakably, and with a courage and moral elevation which command admiration. Not for him, he declares, is it to indulge in a haggling debate when the national honor is involved. If there is even a doubt that we are keeping our solemn promises, if our adherence to our pledged word is so much as debatable, then the case has already gone against us in the high court of honor. Having blundered, or been betrayed, into a false position, there is nothing to do but to retreat from it without quibbling, evasion, or delay. Let Secretary Knox, if he will, set up a pettifogging defence to Great Britain's charge that we were proceeding in violation of a treaty; let him call Sir Edward Grey's attention to the fact that no "actual injury" has yet been done, insist that the whole question is as yet "contingent," and gravely remind the English Secretary for Foreign Affairs of a forgotten maxim of "municipal law"; President Wilson will have none of these tricking facilities. He goes straight to the moral core of the whole matter.

Undoubtedly, there are difficulties to be met in Congress. A first obstacle to be got over is the Baltimore platform. It roundly declared: "We favor the exemption from tolls of American ships engaged in coastwise trade passing through the Panama Canal." A large and rational view of this declaration would be that it was inserted into the platform by three or four men, that it was never discussed by the Convention, probably not one delegate in fifty having even heard of it, and that it is absurd to suppose any such chance utterance to be binding on the party. We admit, however, that it will be difficult for Mr. Wilson, after some things he has said about the platform, to dispose of the matter in this way. In addition, he has to face the fact that a decisive majority in both Houses voted for the exemption clause. To induce Congress to reverse itself is harder than to persuade it to venture upon new legislation. Nevertheless, it is already evident that Mr. Wilson's direct and forcible appeal to the honor of the country is having its effect, and that without any prolonged fight Congress will repeal the clause granting exemption to American vessels.

It is obvious that this Panama tolls matter does not stand by itself. In the President's mind, it must be linked with the whole aspect of our foreign relations, at present, and particularly with the trouble and peril which threaten us in connection with Mexico. We do not know what Mr. Wilson said to the Congressmen on the foreign affairs committees whom he summoned to the White House a fortnight ago, but what he might well have said would be something like this: "Gentlemen, we are facing a delicate and even critical situation. To refrain from going into Mexico with arms in our hands, and at the same time to satisfy European Powers and Japan that their interests there are safe, is immensely difficult. We have to call upon all those nations to exercise great forbearance. Their patience and their good will we court and we need. Now, I put it to you whether, in these circumstances, we ought not to do everything in our power to display our good will to them. If any one of them says that we are not living up to a treaty with it, ought we not to look earnestly into the rights of the matter? If several of them say that we are pigeon-holing arbitration treaties which we asked them to negotiate, ought we not to brush the dust off those treaties and ratify them as soon as possible? If Japan is sensitive about any action in Congress against her citizens in this country, pending a new diplomatic arrangement covering the question of Japanese immigration, ought we not to refrain most carefully from any such action? The plain truth is that we are asking the Powers to act in concert with us about Mexico, and that it would be the height of folly not to remove every possible cause of friction with nations whose help we are seeking. As we cannot think of going ahead with a policy of isolation, the only thing for us is to show the greatest friendliness and fairness when we turn to acting in unison."

If the President makes his plea to Congress and the country in some such manner as this, there can be little doubt of the result. The Chicago *Inter Ocean*, not friendly to President Wilson, recently spoke of his "visible control over Congress," which it frankly said was "greater than that of any other President within living memory." It proceeded to give several reasons in explanation, such as the disappearance of once-powerful Democratic leaders in Congress, the number of new men there who feel that their political lives depend upon doing what Wilson desires, and so on. Some force must be conceded to this, but the true account must not omit to reckon with President Wilson's unusual qualities and with the directness and effectiveness of his methods. He is not afraid, on occasion, to go against powerful party leaders. Both Mr. Underwood and Senator O'Gorman are strongly for the Panama-tolls exemption, for instance. On some features of the currency bill, the President asserted himself in opposition to several Democratic "war-horses." He has succeeded, thus far, by going at the business in the most straightforward way, by quietly assuming that Congressmen are his "colleagues," and by bringing his powers of reason and persuasion to bear at the points, not of least resistance, but of greatest. It is because he has been thus inventive, while perfectly simple, as a President anxious to compass certain legislation, that he has been so fascinating a study to those who like to see how old government institutions can be made to start into fresh life and vigor in new hands.

FEDERAL POWER AND CHILD LABOR.

Congress has gone so far as to provide that no work for the United States Government, even on private contracts, shall require full-grown men to work more than eight hours a day. Unless some Constitutional question is involved, which we have not been able to discover, we do not see how Congress can refuse to provide at least as much protection for little children.

These remarks of the Secretary of the National Child Labor Committee refer to the bill, introduced at the instance of that committee last week, prohibiting the shipment in interstate commerce of goods produced by any establishment in which child labor—as defined in the bill—is employed. With the object aimed at in that bill, the elimination of child

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labor, it is needless to say that the *Nation* is in hearty sympathy. But to hasten its accomplishment by such a straining of the Constitution as would be involved in this bill—in essence identical with the Beveridge bill of six or seven years ago—would be dangerous.

Mr. Lovejoy may be quite right in the opinion, indicated in the foregoing quotation, that such a law would not be declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court. The power conferred on Congress by the Constitution "to regulate commerce with foreign nations and among the several States" is not limited by any words of that instrument. What limit, if any, the Supreme Court would regard as set by the whole spirit not only of the Constitution but of our entire polity as it has existed in fact from the foundation of the Union, we cannot pretend to predict. But the burden of maintaining the spirit of the Constitution, the spirit of our whole life as a nation, cannot justly, and cannot safely, be placed exclusively on the shoulders of the Supreme Court. In the largest way, this duty rests primarily on Congress and the President. And the issue brought up by this bill is one that concerns the largest way imaginable. Nobody pretends that the measure proposed has for its real object the regulation of interstate commerce; its real object is the regulation of the ways of life of the people of the several States. And the question before Congress is whether its power over the commerce among the States shall be used as a club to compel any reform of conditions within the States which a majority of Congress may deem desirable. The passage of this bill would be a precedent of almost boundless potency for the assertion, as occasion may present itself, of Federal authority over one department after another of the life of the people of the several States.

If experience showed that the end could be attained in no other way, it might be urged that the importance of the specific object outweighed the gravity of these general considerations, serious as they are. But no such plea can be maintained. It is true that in a number of States progress in the abolition of child labor has been slow. But in many of the States it has been very rapid; and in those which have remained backward as to legislation or administration or both, public sentiment is evidently gaining force at such a rate as to insure the achievement of the purpose in a fairly near future. Nor are we required to rest on experience relating to this matter only. The closely related subject of workmen's compensation has had a history of the most significant character. State after State is adopting advanced measures for lifting from the working people the burden of distress due to industrial accidents. And the comprehensive body of laws adopted by the State of New York for the general improvement of factory conditions, after only a year or two of agitation of the subject, bears eloquent witness to the possibilities of separate State action on this whole class of questions. The old cry that no State will act upon them because of the fear that other States may not do the same has lost almost all the force that once was ascribed to it.

The means necessary to the effective enforcement of a national child-labor law give added emphasis to the objection that lies against it. Its advocates complain of the inadequate enforcement of existing child-labor laws in some of the States, quite as much as the slowness of others in adopting such laws. In order to insure the enforcement of a national law, therefore, it would obviously be necessary for Federal authorities to interfere, on an extensive scale, with a matter touching in an intimate way both the lives of individuals and the conduct of private business. Any one can see how far this would go towards breaking down our traditional ideas of the limitation of Federal power; how easy it would be to justify by the precedent any new invasion of the domain of local self-government. The figures of the national census show a rapid diminution in the percentage of child labor engaged in the country's industries. The Childen's Bureau was instituted by Congress less than two years ago, and its publicity work is sure powerfully to stimulate this movement throughout the nation. To rush into a measure of national compulsion in these circumstances would be, in our judgment, a deplorable error.

AMERICAN JUDGES AND THE AMERICAN TEMPER.

In this city two judges were this week pronouncing sentence in two cases of unusual interest. In both cases, the guilt of the accused had been established, to the full satisfaction of the court. Judge Thomas sentenced the brothers Littauer to six months' imprisonment for smuggling and conspiracy to defraud the Government; but he suspended the sentence, so that it becomes inoperative except as a personal humiliation. Justice Jaycox sentenced Cassidy, the boss of Queens, to eighteen months' imprisonment for the attempted sale of a judgeship, and declared that no lighter punishment could meet the requirements of justice. That the judge who did not flinch from the imposition of the penalty was right, and that the other judge's clemency was misplaced and regrettable, is doubtless the general opinion, and it is emphatically ours. But the remarks addressed to the guilty men by the judges in passing sentence have something in common which throws an instructive light on the general course of criminal justice in this country.

Judge Thomas castigated the Littauers severely, but felt that their public humiliation was sufficient punishment; Judge Jaycox sternly performed his duty as to the sentence, but felt that it was no more than fair to give Cassidy credit for courage in his career as a politician. And in all probability it *was* no more than fair. It gave the judge a certain feeling of acting "on the square" with Cassidy; there was about it a human quality to which every American instinctively responds. We cannot find it in our heart to blame the judge for it. And yet in their own way these friendly and sympathetic words addressed to Cassidy betray, as does in a different way the leniency shown to the Littauers, a weakness which, in one form or another, is continually manifested by American judges. It goes against their grain to maintain, in a case of which the "human side" has been in any way brought sharply home to them, that cold, inflexible, and impersonal attitude which is an essential element in the effective operation of the criminal law. Paradoxical as it may seem, it is largely owing to our very democracy that our courts are open, so much more frequently than those of less democratic countries, to the charge of being respecters of persons. Inflexibly to set aside one's own impulse to be humane and considerate, when that impulse is inconsistent with the stern requirements of the judicial office, requires a constant and paramount sense of the elevation and isolation of that office; and this runs counter to our democratic habits of thought—indeed, it

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runs counter to the national good nature which is closely related to our democratic habits of thought.

But in actual operation all this works out results the reverse of democratic. For it is quite out of the question to carry on the ordinary business of the criminal courts in any such spirit. In grinding out their daily grist of commonplace convictions and sentences, they act mechanically enough. It is only when there is some special appeal to the feelings that there is a chance to get the human sympathy of the man interposed between the criminal and the sternness of the judge. And this can be done a hundred times for the man of wealth, the man of good standing in society, the man with powerful or respectable friends, to once that it can be done for the poor and friendless violator of the law. The feeling that has grown up, with only too much basis, that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor, owes its origin in the main not to corruption, not to legal chicanery, not even to any class partiality, but to the accessibility of our judges to the effective human appeal of any individual case. This being impossible in the common run of cases, we have the spectacle of the noteless and humble ruthlessly condemned to suffer the full penalty of the law, while those who in one way or another stand out above the crowd have a chance for some form or other of mitigation in their punishment.

Unfavorable comparison of our criminal justice with that of other nations is no more familiar than is the like comparison in regard to our elementary and secondary education. It is constantly pointed out that our young people take a year or two longer than those of European countries to be prepared for university studies, and that when they do take up those studies their preparation is found to be less thorough. Now, whatever other causes may contribute to this, we feel sure that there is almost complete unanimity among competent authorities that the predominant cause is the lack of rigid discipline. And this is no accident. The severity of an exacting discipline at school, a discipline based on the idea that the claims of scholarship are paramount and that the business of the teacher is to assert them as an undeviating rule, is not congenial to the American temper. If teachers or school authorities were to attempt to enforce it, they would have not the support but the opposition of the typical American parent. When we really wish to have it, wish it from our hearts, we shall get it. And so, too, we shall get a firm and unsentimental administration of justice when we desire it from our hearts; we shall not get it so long as, in our hearts, we care more for the claims that the individual culprit may have on our forbearance or sympathy than for the stern demands of a justice that is really and truly no respecter of persons.

THE STORY OF A LEGISLATURE.

From San Francisco comes a volume giving an account of the California Legislature of last year, the session made nationally notable by the visit of Secretary Bryan in connection with the Asiatic exclusion legislation. The story as told is a long one, but readable and apparently fair. It is written by Mr. Franklin Hichborn, the correspondent of the Sacramento *Bee*, and is the third such publication he has put out. His previous volumes are credited with having been read by every newspaper editor and every candidate for the Legislature, and with having had much to do with recent political developments in California. The session of last year attracted wide attention. It was the first Legislature in regular session under the initiative, referendum, and recall, under the legislative recess arrangement, and chosen at an election in which women participated. No act could become a law until ninety days after the Legislature had adjourned, and not then if the referendum was invoked against it; in that case, it had to await the verdict of a popular vote.

The Legislature was overwhelmingly Progressive. This fact, coupled with the fact that the preceding Legislature had been Progressive, too, and had thrown off the railway domination which had long prevailed, put the session of 1913 in a peculiarly favorable position for constructive work. The old engine had been relegated to the scrap-heap, and The People—Mr. Hichborn always capitalizes the words—had only to open the throttle of the new one. But difficulties confronted the majority at the very beginning. A proposal was made for a non-partisan caucus to decide upon the officers of each house. Objection was made, however, that such a joint caucus was unprecedented; it was almost equally hard to arrange a caucus in which party Progressives and progressive Republicans could all participate. But why, with a large Progressive majority, bother about Republicans of any sort? Well the "logical candidate" for President pro tem. of the Senate was a hold-over Republican who could not see his way clear to entering a purely Progressive caucus. In the end, however, good officers were chosen, including the "logical candidate" for President pro tem. But the distribution of patronage was not affected by the new political ideals. It "was conducted upon the same vicious system of division among members as had ruled during the days of 'machine' domination."

Nor can a favorable verdict be passed upon the subsequent proceedings of the Legislature. As Mr. Hichborn confesses: "For the first time in the political history of California, the Legislature was put to the test of constructive work. It was found unequal to the task." The most conspicuous cause of this failure, we are told, was the lobby. What! one exclaims, a lobby in California? What was the recess for if not to give The People opportunity to say what they liked and what they did not like among the bills that had been introduced? This was the idea; moreover, "the Legislature had acted in accordance with the spirit of the new provision" by not passing many bills before the recess. It also provided for distribution of the bills throughout the State, each member being permitted to send full sets to as many as ten constituents. Thus "the Legislature had done its part. It remained for The People of California to do theirs." But consider what this meant. There were 3,738 bills and 149 constitutional amendments pending. One newspaper divided these into 227 sections, and published a synopsis of each bill and a complete index. Another devoted two columns a day to them, but managed by this method to deal with less than one-seventh of the total number. The upshot was that one or two measures especially brought to the public attention were aided by the recess. On the other hand, even the weapon of the recess was seized upon by favor-seeking persons to advance their interests, and The People were either puzzled or deluded by some of them! Yet Gov. Johnson and the Pro-

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gressives were in absolute control. One thing is evident: there is no short and easy path to political perfection, and it is time that root-and-branch reformers ceased to cajole The People into thinking that there is.

PARLIAMENTARY BORES.

A member of the House of Commons was one of the speakers the other evening at a dinner of the Authors' Club in London. For years, he said, he had watched with fascinated interest a group in the House that provided a goodly quantity of material for sketch-writers; he meant the Parliamentary bores. They consisted, he explained, of three classes. There was the unconscious bore, a pathetic type of man, who thought that he was giving pleasure, and so went on in order to give more. Then there was the semi-conscious bore, almost but not quite pathetic, a man with lucid intervals during which it occurred to him that he was not altogether a success; he went on in order to achieve that only half-won success. Finally, there was the open, avowed, brutal bore, who knew what he was doing and gloried in it. He always "went on." Besides these out-and-out bores was the expert, not necessarily a bore, but often falling into that class. For instance, the educational expert. How numerous this group of bores has sometimes been thought to be was illustrated by a remark made to the speaker when he first went into the press gallery. Finding there a veteran of forty years' service in reporting what took place on the floor below, the newcomer spoke of what a bore it was when men made such long speeches. The philosophical reply was: "My dear fellow, what does it matter? If one fool is not talking, another one will be."

Would it be treason to wonder whether, along with more important things, we have inherited from the mother of Parliaments the tendency to have statesmen

> Who think too little, and who talk too much?

One recalls the immortal figure of the Representative from Buncombe County, who frankly confessed that his flow of words served no public end. Arizona was the proud sponsor of another such orator not many days ago, when Senator Ashurst was under the painful necessity of actually preventing a vote upon a measure which he is desirous of bringing to a vote, owing to the fact that he had a three hours' speech in his system which he had to get out. The Senate rules are careful to provide that, in a contingency of this sort, the vote must not be taken until the speech has been delivered, since it is better that ninety-nine measures should be talked about than that one should come to a vote. It was all very well for Byron to write:

> His speech was a fine sample, on the whole,
> Of rhetoric, which the learn'd call "rigmarole."

But where has freedom flourished without a vast deal of rigmarole?

Indeed, if mere survival is anything, the Parliamentary bore is justified. Every legislative body has tried to suppress him. And it has done this by more than formal resolution. Formal resolution may be adequate for such matters as declaring war and making peace, but no one knows better than a Congressman that, for the really disturbing things of life, more drastic action is required. This drastic action has been taken. The rising of the bore to address the chair has been made the signal for general withdrawal on the part of his audience. Has this affected the man with a speech tearing at his vitals? Quite the contrary? Deprived of the ears of his contemporaries, he addresses those of posterity, and as a consequence probably lengthens out his remarks further than was his original intention. It is occurrences like this that show how completely we are under the control of convention. Otherwise, would not every Parliament have a rule that A might speak whenever and as long as he pleased, but that B could have the floor for only five minutes every other Monday? There is a slight approach to this ideal in the practice of our House of Representatives in extending the time of a member who is pleasing it, but how often this means merely amusing it! One result of this custom is to drive the bores to seek election to the Senate.

We should not let our prejudice against Parliamentary bores carry us too far, however. The peril in the situation is seen when it is asked who shall be the judge of the facts in the case. A man who shakes his fist at the backs of his retreating colleagues and thunders after them that their seats may be vacant permanently because they refuse to heed his words, is likely to be the biggest bore of all, yet he may turn out to know what he is talking about. In this instance, the country decided that La Follette's enemies were the bores, or at all events the greater bores. Then it must be recognized that one man's bore is another man's delight. There are people who are actually thrilled when a man in a frock coat extends a long arm into the air and gives vent to his convictions on the subject of what William Sulzer is and is to be. The discouraging thing is that the method we are told to follow with reference to other ills is inapplicable to this one. What can't be cured, we are admonished, must be endured. But endurance is the very thing that the Parliamentary bore craves and, alas, usually gets.

THE TILDEN CENTENARY.

Commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Samuel J. Tilden is not due to any fond cherishing of his personal qualities. He was not a man of fascinating gifts. It was not within his power to bind great numbers of men to him in warm and devoted friendship. His was a cold nature. Nor can it be said that a fame which has mounted since his death, or the discovery of unsuspected virtues in him through the publication of letters and other documents, has heightened admiration for the man himself and led to the celebration of his centenary. Tilden was in no way ennobled or made to seem an ideal figure by what was put in print about him after he was gone by even so sworn and loyal a friend as John Bigelow. In his "Recollections" Mr. Bigelow does not attempt to conceal the somewhat disappointing impression that Tilden made upon him after the loss of the Presidency. There are, indeed, many discounts to be made in the total estimate of Tilden's title to long remembrance. But frank mention of them does not, after all, alter the fact that he played a great and worthy part in our history, and that he deserves to be recalled and praised for what he wrought.

It was his rare good fortune to associate his name as leader with a period of political re-birth. To-day it is hard for any one whose memory does not go back vividly to the years 1872-1874 to realize the atmosphere then enveloping American politics. It was a sordid time. Public life had seemed to go not only

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stale but corrupt. What befell the Republican party, drunk with power, one needs only to turn back to the famous speech in the House of that good Republican, George F. Hoar, to understand. His arraignment of his own party for corrupt tendencies is good historical evidence, on Voltaire's theory that we are safe in believing the evil which public men assert, not of their opponents but of their associates. It is certain, at all events, that a great many Americans were depressed and almost despairing in the face of political conditions in those years. Lowell's poem on Agassiz dates from 1874, and he wrote in Florence of the "festering news" which came from the United States

> —public scandal, private fraud,
> Crime flaunting scot-free while the mob applaud,
> Office made vile to bribe unworthiness.

Now it was at such a time that Samuel Tilden gave promise of a better day. By his great services in the uncovering of Tweed's rascalities, by his determined and successful fight upon the Canal Ring—made up, as it was, of thieves of both parties—he made himself a national protagonist of reform. In his attitude and in his ability, people saw a new hope. And the rising to him was remarkable. It was, to many puzzled Republicans, like the breaking up of the fountains of the great deep. They saw their sons turning eager glances towards Tilden. In the colleges there was a great stir. The hearts of young men burned within them as they read the speeches and the powerfully written messages of the reforming Governor of New York, saw him attack one abuse and fraud after another, and make himself the inevitable leader of his party in the nation. A new spirit was abroad in the land. It was, as we have said, a time of political renaissance; and for the energy which he, more than any other, imparted to it, for the impetus which he gave to others, for the high hopes which he roused and, in part at least, fulfilled, Samuel J. Tilden is rightly held in undying remembrance.

This was his chief title to fame. He was able, however, to impress himself in many other ways upon his generation. It is needless to dwell upon these now. His skill in the law, his consummate ability as a political organizer, the literary power, combined with political courage, which he exhibited, for example, in his letter of acceptance—all these things are of record. But the main reason why we pause at the hundredth year since Tilden was born is that it was given to him to energize the reforming spirit in American politics, and to do it at a period when conditions were at their worst and the outlook seemed peculiarly gloomy. Out of him went a virtue which in the lapsing years gave us other men to take bosses by the throat—a Cleveland, a Hughes, a Wilson. Reason enough, then, for marking with a white stone the Tilden centenary.

FRANCO-AMERICANA.

PARIS, January 31.

The first volume of a fifth edition, completely revised and copiously annotated, of the "Histoire du Canada" (Alcan; 665 pages, large 8vo, 10 francs), by François Xavier Garneau, is virtually a new book; and it keeps its peculiar interest as a French-Canadian classic amid the clash of French and American historians. The author's grandson, Prof. Hector Garneau, of Montreal, has supplied the work with an Introduction, giving a needed account of its writing seventy years ago; constant notes and bracketed additions to the text, bringing it up to the present state of research; and 212 Appendices, forming a storehouse of documentary, bibliographical, and controversial information. For the history of Canada was matter of controversy even in the making, an inevitable consequence of the colonization from the start. This is recognized in the preface to the present volume by M. Hanotaux, of the French Academy: "A double ideal drew to unknown North America explorers and missionaries."

Colonial functionaries and traders on the one hand bore uneasily the restraint of the persisting missionary ideal on the other. In New England, the religious ideal held sway as completely and longer; but the missionary element was wanting. In his first edition, Garneau remarked: "The United States owe their greatness, in part, to the Bible's privilege of fanaticising, so to speak, the spirit of the nation for the things of the earth, even more than for those of heaven"; and he cites the example of the Jews (p. 192). More significant still in the varying evolution of the French and English colonies was the fact that New England virtually governed itself from the beginning, whereas Canada, to the end of French domination, was regulated in each detail of its civil life from the King's Court across the seas. "When I wish to judge the spirit of the administration of Louis XIV and its vices, I have to go to Canada," said Tocqueville ("L'Ancien Régime et la Révolution").

It is meet and also just that the new and influential Comité France-Amérique should choose this work of Garneau for its first publication. Parkman, in spite of many inherited prejudices and natural ignorance of foreigners of the past, has written a real history of the French in North America; but native French writers of to-day seem unable to understand the nature or merit or consequences of the work of Old France in Canada. In the chapter on French colonization written for Seignobos's "Histoire Moderne" by Prof. Albert Métin (Minister of Labor in the present French Government), a single short paragraph is given to "Catholic missionaries who came in behind traders and *seigneurs*"; by whose means "the Church became and remained the greatest seigniorial landowner of Canada"; who are responsible for "Catholics only being allowed to settle in Canada" (in M. H. Garneau's Appendix, page 574, Cromwell orders that no Catholics be allowed in Acadie, already settled by the French); who "worked for the Church, kept lay Europeans from their villages of converted Indians, and so entered into conflict with the Governor, who wished his authority to extend over all the establishments of French missionaries." Of the French missionaries in Canada as explorers, pioneers, martyrs, even of Marquette's share in the discovery of the Mississippi—of that least amount of the history of France in North America which, in the United States, every public-school boy is expected to know and to which Protestant Parkman has given volumes and Congress statues—French University students are told nothing. M. Hanotaux has reason to say: "The French will never study the history of Canada enough."

This history of Canada by Garneau, even with the new enlightening notes, will not satisfy all parties, though he was "faithful to the end to his Catholic faith and Liberal ideas." "He does not see men and things at the religious angle only [in fact, scarcely at all, but the new notes and appendices furnish material to allay much controversy]. . . . His history is properly the political and lay history of Canada. . . . He prefers to give his attention to the improvement and progress of the colony." With a single chapter for those missionary explorations to which Parkman gave his volumes, Garneau keeps closely to the permanent French settlements. There was a lack of original documents when he began his life-work. Before his death in 1866, many gaps had been filled, and he profited by this in this third edition. After twenty-five years of patient labor he had brought his book down to 1840. Thus he

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came to his work when the French traditions of Canada were still living and strong.

The book holds a place which has not been filled by other historians; and it reaches further than mere colonial annals. In it, as in reality, world history and local story commingle. The present volume reaches to 1744, when the French colony of fewer than 50,000 souls was strong interiorly, but little supported by the mother country. The competent outsider, Munro, says: "The Canadian habitant was much better off than his prototype, the French censitaire"; moreover, under early English rule: "If anything, the habitant was worse off than he had been before the conquest" ("Seigniorial System in Canada").

"L'Amérique et le Rêve exotique dans la Littérature française au XVIIe et au XVIIIe siècle" (Hachette; 456 pages, 12mo, 3.50 francs) continues the interesting work which Prof. Gilbert Chinard, of the University of California, began with a previous volume on American "exotism" in French literature of the sixteenth century. A further volume on America in Chateaubriand's writings is promised. This is a new and it is a sensible point of view from which to estimate the influence of America in European thought. The book is a brilliant example of the method of historical inquiry, so favored by the French University of to-day. The author has had to seek out all that was written about America in the various centuries, and then, card-cataloguing endless *fiches*, to bring into rational order the ideas they suggest. The result depends on the assimilative and judicial power of the historian, as it did in the older methods, which could scarcely have been applied to the present matter. Professor Chinard has done his work well. It was worth doing, and it is an important acquisition both to American and French history:

In a former volume I tried to show how the first travel stories, with their naïve enthusiasm for the savages, their admiration for the simple free life of these New World tribes who lived without priest or law or king and, most of all, knew no difference between *meum* and *tuum*, seemed to foretell the most daring theories of Rousseau. It seemed to me worth while inquiring whether some of these ideas which, in the sixteenth century, had caused a veritable moral revolution and been summed up by Montaigne in his chapters "Cannibales" and "Coches," had disappeared during a long interval, only to show themselves once more with the *philosophes*. Even if they are not to be found in the great literature of the eighteenth century, it is still possible, thanks to the narrations of travellers and missionaries, to follow their development for more than a century, and reconstitute the links of the chain which binds Jean-Jacques Rousseau to Montaigne. . . . As a whole, this Americanist literature is very definitely anti-social. It could not be otherwise.

After a clear introduction, the first part of the book takes up the Isles and South America, particularly in the romance-writing of the seventeenth century. The second part follows New France from Jesuits and their adversaries to Fénelon. The third takes the eighteenth century to the coming of Rousseau; and the fourth reaches from that prophet of the new age to Bernardin de Saint-Pierre. There is an excellent chronological table of books published in this matter between 1598 and 1788. The author says far too modestly: "In the present state of science, this book could be neither complete nor final." It is competent for its object, and its value is permanent. S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In the *Athenæum* of July 29, 1876, appeared the second instalment of a series of "Notes on Shakespeare's names" by C. Elliott Browne. Among these was one on Lamound ("Hamlet," IV, vii, 93), the Norman whose horsemanship so impressed King Claudius. It reads:

Lamound, the name of the Parisian friend of Laertes, was thought by Malone to have been formed from La Mode, but it is not impossible that it may be an allusion to Pietro Monte (in a Gallicized form), the famous cavalier and swordsman, who is mentioned by Castiglione ("Il Cortegiano," b. I) as the instructor of Louis the Seventh's Master of Horse. In the English translation he is called "Peter Mount."

Now, one does not need to refer to the text of the "Cortegiano" or to the note on Pietro Monte in Cian's edition (Bk. I, sect. v, l. 20) to discover the blunder perpetrated here. Louis the Seventh reigned—most of us have to consult some book of reference to find out when. The Louis of Castiglione's day, the only Louis of the sixteenth century, as we know when we stop to think, was Louis the Twelfth. And the origin of the blunder seems to be equally clear. Mr. Browne probably sent in the name as "Louis XII"; the typesetter mistook the X for a V (X and V are easily confused in hasty manuscript); and the name appeared spelled out at length as "Louis the Seventh." Had the numeral been printed "VII," the slip would certainly have been discovered before long, for every careful worker is on his guard against misprints in numerals; but "Seventh" does not look as if it could be a mistake for any other number.

At this time Dr. Furness was seeing his Variorum "Hamlet" through the press. In the note on IV, vii, 93, he quotes the bulk of Browne's paragraph (including "Louis the Seventh") with the remark: "I regret that these valuable *Notes* on *Shakespeare's Names* reached me too late to be inserted in due place in the commentary under the first appearance of each character." Lamound, however, did arrive in time; for his first and only appearance in the play is towards the close. The haste with which he was thrust into the commentary is the cause, let us hope, of Dr. Furness's accepting "Louis the Seventh."

Once admitted to the respectable company of the Variorum, the blunder began to make its way. Nobody questioned its antecedents; because, for one thing, the reputation of Dr. Furness obviated suspicion; because, for another, nobody took very seriously the allusion to Pietro Monte. The name of the Norman cavalier ("Lamound" in the folio, "Lamord" in the quartos) was too uncertain for any one to spend time in considering a possible connection with "Peter Mount." So the note became a mere curiosity, to be used by successive editors when there was room for it; and "Louis the Seventh" escaped exposure.

To attempt a complete list of those who have helped to keep him in good society would be to break a butterfly upon a wheel. With the help of a friend, however, I have looked into all but two of the editions set down in the "Cambridge History of English Literature," and a few others of credit, such as the Tudor Shakespeare. Several of the editors omit all reference to Browne's idea, but the majority think it worth recording, always with the accompaniment of "Louis the Seventh." The majority are:

1878—W. J. Rolfe.
1890—Arthur Symons, Henry Irving Shakespeare.
1895—Israel Gollancz, Temple Shakespeare.
1895—E. K. Chambers, Arden Shakespeare (D. C. Heath).
1899—Edward Dowden, Arden Shakespeare (Methuen).
1899—C. H. Herford, Eversley Edition.
1903—Charlotte Porter, Helen A. Clarke, First Folio Edition.
1904—A. W. Verity, Student's Shakespeare (Cambridge Press). (Repeated in Pitt Press Shakespeare, 1911.)

Most of us, as boys, played the old game of follow-my-leader. Those of us who have edited classics will have had occasion more than once to join in a variety of it known to commentators. But it is surely not often that so many distinguished littérateurs and scholars may be observed careering along, one after another, into so obvious a mistake, on the heels of a misguided typesetter.

R. E. Neil Dodge.

Correspondence

SOCIALIST POLITICS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Recently protests from members of the Socialist party have appeared in the Socialist press against the order of the Central Committee of Local New York (Manhattan) Socialist party, forbidding the branches of the local from selling or distributing the *New Review* at public or propagandist meetings. The *New Review* is the most scholarly and perhaps the ablest Socialist magazine in the United States; among its contributors are some of the foremost Socialists in America and Europe. The reason why this publication was thus summarily blacklisted and boycotted was because its

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editor, Mr. Herman Simpson (himself a member of the Socialist party) took occasion in a recent issue to publish an editorial over his signature calling attention to the extraordinarily large falling off in the dues-paying membership of the Socialist party throughout the United States.

After quoting from the *Party Builder* (published by the national office of the Socialist party, and, therefore, its official organ) that on June 28 last there were nearly 50,000 less members than a year previously, the *New Review* editorial went on:

> The statement struck us with amazement. We could not believe our own eyes. At last we concluded that the number given must be due to a printer's error. To be sure, no candid observer could have failed to perceive numerous sinister signs that there was something rotten in the State of Denmark. But a loss of 50,000 members, two-fifths of the entire number of organized Socialists at the end of March, 1912, seemed impossible, inconceivable. But our incredulity soon had to give way to indubitable certainty. The financial report of the national office for the month of June, 1913, shows receipts from dues amounting to $4,084.45, which is the exact equivalent, on the five cents per capita basis, of 80,961 members. The average membership for the first quarter of 1912 was given as 125,826, so that there was a loss of nearly 45,000 members in fifteen months. The printer made no error.
>
> The loss is appalling, but in actual fact it is even larger than is indicated by these figures. We know that from March to midsummer in 1912 the membership of the party kept on growing, although we do not have the figures on hand. An intensely fought Presidential campaign . . . must have brought tens of thousands of new members into the party organization. The actual loss of members during the past eight months is, therefore, not 50,000, but very probably 75,000, and possibly more. A loss of three-fifths of the membership of the Socialist party organization in so short a period is well calculated to rouse even the most indolent and lethargic among us to serious thought.

The *New Review* editorial then proceeded to discuss what seemed to be the reasons why so large a number of Socialists had left the Socialist party. It is not the purpose here to enter into any discussion of these impelling reasons, but simply to point out the action following the publication of that editorial. The politicians controlling the party were infuriated that a Socialist magazine should publish the facts of the tremendous loss of membership under their leadership; evidently what they especially feared was the dissemination of those facts broadcast, both in and out of the Socialist party. Local New York, controlled by the most powerful of those leaders, soon retaliated by the formal order of prohibition already referred to.

Thereupon the Board of Directors of the *New Review* Publishing Association formally protested against that order. "This board," the protest read in part, "regards the action of the Central Committee as a usurpation of authority, which, if permitted to stand, threatens to destroy within the party all freedom of speech and press and to suppress all honest and free discussion."

The boycotting and blacklisting order, however, is still in force; and any member violating it would soon find a series of charges, entailing suspension or expulsion, preferred against him.

I have here related the indisputable facts. One more fact is essential. The pretext upon which the Central Committee of Local New York passed this order was that if the facts were known, converts to Socialism would be discouraged from joining the party!

A Former Member.

New York, February 6.

WEST POINT AND ANNAPOLIS IN CIVIL SERVICE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The United States Military Academy at West Point and the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis were established for the express purpose of preparing intelligent and industrious American lads for the military and naval services of our country. They have been successful in their mission, as has been shown by the wonderful achievements of their sons in both governmental and civic activities. They both give promise of a greater future. As the education and training acquired in these academies is exceedingly thorough and of extraordinarily high grade, there are scores of cadets in both academies who should in the future add to the honor and glory of both their country and their alma mater.

Notwithstanding all this honor and glory due to our Government academies, every thoughtful American ought to consider their real condition. Although, as stated above, they both give promise of bright futures in many ways, it cannot be denied that they also give promise of serious deficiency of service. This may sound paradoxical, but it is all too true. They not only give promise of such deficiency, but they are now, and for several years past have been, unable to render sufficient service to the nation. It is not the academies that are responsible for this, however—it is the fault of the appointing powers. There are but very few competent candidates appointed to the academies, and consequently there are not nearly enough cadets graduating from the academies to supply the constant needs of the army and navy. Statistics show us that admission is refused to about two-thirds of all the candidates for these academies because they are absolutely unfit mentally, or physically, or both. Most of those to whom admission is refused are rejected because they are so hopelessly unprepared mentally. It is true that the entrance examinations have been noted for their rigidity, but upon careful investigation we may find that they are no harder than an ordinary student who is preparing for a technical education should expect, and, to quote Col. H. L. Scott, ex-superintendent of West Point, "it has always been a source of regret to the West Point authorities that their entrance requirements have been kept so low, but it is recognized that they cannot well be otherwise. The class of candidates sent here, as to physical and moral characteristics, is in the hands of the appointing powers alone."

These "appointing powers" are the President of the United States and the Senators and the Representatives in Congress. We find that many of their appointees show a serious lack of education in the very elementary subjects. At a recent examination several candidates even showed unpardonable ignorance of the correct use of their own language. Some of their answers were written in such English as would be almost a deplorable disgrace to a fifth-grade grammar-school pupil. There are, nevertheless, as Gen. Barry, the former superintendent of West Point, states, "thousands of young men in the country well prepared in the required subjects, who would welcome an appointment to enter West Point." In consideration of this fact, Gen. Barry has earnestly urged that some efficient method might be employed that should cause the competent candidates to be separated from the incompetent before they are examined finally at West Point.

We may admit that strong evidence tends to show that the majority of the candidates who enter the academies come to their positions honestly, and that some of our Congressmen are successful in judging their appointees. It is also plainly evident that since about 66 per cent. of the candidates recommended fail to pass the examinations, there must be something radically wrong somewhere with the appointing powers. It is true that many Senators and Congressmen apparently select their candidates by competitive examinations. When there is a vacancy in his district, the Congressman notifies the public through the newspapers that any young man in the district within the proper age limits may present himself for examination at a designated time and place. The examinations are conducted by examiners authorized by the Congressman. The apparent system is to appoint the competitor who attains the highest rank. But since these examiners are selected by the Congressman himself, what is there to hinder the examiners from ranking the Congressman's favorite and most influential candidate in such a way as to insure him the appointment? There is abundant evidence that such schemes have been practiced again and again, the supposedly "competitive" examination serving to hoodwink the public.

Other Congressmen appoint their favorite candidates outright, without an examination of any kind. It may be that the Congressman has never seen his appointee, and perhaps he has never even heard of him, save through the would-be cadet's rich uncle, or some political demagogue with whom the young man's cousin's brother-in-law has a "pull." Again it should be stated that it would require a very unreasonably radical person to believe that such methods are successfully employed by all Congressmen, but is it not readily possible? An instance in a New Jersey district may be offered as a typical example. A certain young man, the son of an influential citizen, wished to procure an appointment to the Naval Academy at Annapolis. Unfortunately, however, his Congressman was of a different political faction from that of his father. After the lad had spent about three years in preparation for Annapolis, and after having virtually given up all hope of pro-

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curing the appointment because of the lack of political "pull," the father was interviewed by one of the Congressman's faction workers. The latter informed the father that the Congressman's faction wanted his political influence, and promised him that his son would be appointed to Annapolis if he would but turn to the opposite faction. The father refused to accept the bribe, and thus disgrace himself. Consequently, his son did not receive the appointment, and there is absolutely no hope of his ever receiving it from that district while such political demagogues reign there.

In place of the present unsatisfactory method of selecting candidates for West Point, Col. Clarence P. Townsley, the present superintendent of West Point, urged in his recent report to the War Department the adoption of an open competitive system as follows:

These cadetships belong to the people of the district, State, Territory, etc., and should be open competitively to all the youths eligible to compete, and it is my recommendation that *a law be enacted requiring competitive examinations to be held for each vacancy;* that youth to be appointed who passes successfully the best mental examination and who is physically and morally qualified. The examination questions should be prepared by the Academic Board, and a successful passing of the competitive examination should qualify a youth to enter, so that no other mental examination need be required. The details of conducting such examinations should, I think, be left to the Secretary of War. By announcing in the local papers some ten months or a year in advance that such a competitive examination will be held, stating its scope, it is believed that there will be a large number of eligible youths who will present themselves for examination in each district from which a vacancy is to be filled.

A system quite similar to that proposed by Col: Townsley is now used in selecting men from civil life to be second lieutenants in the regular army and in the Marine Corps, and it has long since proved a success. Should this method be adopted for the selection of cadets for both West Point and Annapolis, all vacancies at the academies would be filled, and the academies would then be able to supply the demands for more trained officers in the army and navy.

JAMES MILTON CONOVER.

St. Matthew's School, Burlingame, Cal., January 31.

THE BEGINNING OF JOHN BROWN'S CAREER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I desire to call attention to a source of information in regard to John Brown of Osawatomie, which has been overlooked by his biographers. I refer to a series of Pioneer Reminiscences of the Western Reserve by his cousin, Rev. Edward Brown, published in 1892 in the *Northwestern Congregationalist,* Minneapolis. In one of these articles the writer narrates an incident which furnishes the answer to a question raised by Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard in his excellent biography: "When was it that John Brown . . . first conceived what he calls in his autobiography 'his greatest or principal object' in life—the forcible overthrow of slavery in his native land?" According to the testimony of John Brown's cousin, as will be seen, this determination to wage war against slavery had its definite beginning in November, 1837.

The following quotation is taken from Edward Brown's article, printed in the journal referred to, October 21, 1892:

Among the earliest of the pioneers at Hudson, O., was Owen Brown, my father's brother, in after years a trustee of Oberlin College. His eldest son, John, a very bright and energetic young man, making a religious profession at sixteen years of age, was desirous of studying for the ministry, incited thereto chiefly by that ardent founder of the American Board, Samuel J. Mills, a kinsman. Unable to furnish him money, his father gave him two horses, which he took, riding one and leading the other, to Connecticut and sold. Then he went to Plainfield, Mass., where, at an academy and under the private instruction of one Moses Hallock, he was fitted to enter the junior class of Yale College, which he was prevented from doing by a chronic disease of the eyes. . . .

With his father he was among the earliest of Abolitionists. He had been a surveyor in the mountains near Harper's Ferry. Va., and had often remarked that, with a good leader, the slaves, escaping to those fastnesses and fortifying themselves, could compel emancipation.

Prof. Laurens P. Hickok (since president of Union College and a distinguished preacher and writer of philosophical works) became, in 1836, professor of theology in Western Reserve College. He was regarded as conservative on the question of emancipation. One afternoon in November, 1837, we heard a rapid tramping through the college halls, and every room entered. Soon we saw it was Professor Hickok, who entered greatly excited. He said, "I want you all to come down to the old chapel-room immediately on the ringing of the four o'clock bell. I have some very important news to tell you." Promptly on time the room was filled with both faculty and students. Professor Hickok had brought an account of the murder of the Rev. Elijah P. Lovejoy and the destruction of his press at Alton, Ill. (where he was publishing a religious paper of decided anti-slavery views), by a Missouri mob from St. Louis. They had before destroyed his presses, both at St. Louis and at Alton. After reading it, he proposed to us to call a meeting at the Congregational church in the village two days later.

The next day he mounted his horse and rode all over the township, calling at every house and inviting the people to the meeting. At the meeting he made a most eloquent speech, burning with indignation, in which he said, "The crisis has come. The question now before the American citizens is no longer alone, 'Can the slaves be made free?' but, 'Are we free, or are we slaves under Southern mob law?' I propose that we take measures to procure another press and another editor. If a like fate attends them, send another, till the whole country is aroused; and if you can find no fitter man for the first victim, send me." During the afternoon many speeches were made and strong resolutions passed.

Just before the close of the meeting, John Brown, who had sat silent in the back part of the room, rose, lifting up his right hand, saying, "Here, before God, in the presence of these witnesses, from this time, I consecrate my life to the destruction of slavery!" His aged father then rose, and, with stammering speech (for he was a great stammerer), said, "When John the Baptist was beheaded, the disciples took up his body and laid it in a tomb and went and told Jesus. Let us now go to Jesus and tell him." Then, in a very fervent prayer, weeping (but not stammering, for he scarcely ever stammered in prayer), he closed the meeting. . . .

It will be noted that this account explains two other points mentioned by Mr. Villard: the oath which John Brown obtained from several members of his family to do all in their power to abolish slavery, and the reference which he made to Lovejoy in his "Words of Advice" to the "Gileadites." J. NEWTON BROWN.

Ardmore, Pa., February 5.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I thank you for having shown me Mr. J. Newton Brown's interesting letter. Stories like this one about John Brown are afloat without number. It is true, however, that the Harper's Ferry raider was at Hudson at the time of Elijah Lovejoy's murder, and doubtless attended the meeting. But undocumented recollections are a trap a wary historian must usually shun, particularly if recorded by one well on in years.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD.

New York, February 7.

"TRAGIC POSSIBILITIES."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There is a curious and suggestive similarity of language in Hardy between a description of Egdon Heath and of Sue Bridehead. In "The Return of the Native," Egdon is introduced to us with: "It had a lonely face, suggesting tragical possibilities." And it seems to me more than a mere coincidence to come in "Jude the Obscure" upon this same phrase in reference to Sue Bridehead: "How permanently it was imprinted upon his vision—a face suggesting tragic possibilities."

In both books there is a play of light and shadow in which no single figure holds the stage. The interdependence of plot and setting is perfectly plain in "The Return of the Native." All through the book the Heath is the principal character, an ever-active protagonist; they who are in harmony with its "suggestiveness" succeed in their ambitions and are happy. In like fashion, the fates of all the chief characters in "Jude the Obscure" are directly circumstanced by the actions of Sue Bridehead; so long as these people live in accord with her nature, prosperity and fortune follow them.

In the terrestrial scheme developed by the novels of Hardy's maturity is not the influence of woman synonymous with that of nature? LLOYD ADAMS NOBLE.

Cambridge, Mass., February 8.

O. HENRY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The chronology of O. Henry's life has not yet been satisfactorily given—for various reasons. There is, however, no reason for the conflicting statements in regard to his birth-year. "Who's Who" persistently gave the year as 1867, a date that is also given in numerous magazine articles, in Mr. Frederick Taber Cooper's "Some American Story Tellers," and in Nelson's Encyclopædia (1913); Payne's "Southern Literary Readings" (1913) declares that Porter was born in 1864; while the New International Webster's mystifies the searcher with a question-mark instead of a date. The New Standard Dictionary, on the other hand,

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states that O. Henry was born on September 11, 1862. This statement is correct. Such is the date given in the Porter family Bible. In the volume of O. Henry's stories called "Rolling Stones" one may find a list of births and deaths that is copied from this Bible; and it is worth noting that both O. Henry and his father preferably spelled their given name as Sidney, not Sydney.

HYDER E. ROLLINS.

University of Texas, February 3.

Literature

ORIENTAL AND MEDIÆVAL CHESS.

A History of Chess. By H. J. R. Murray. New York: Oxford University Press. $12.

Mr. Murray, son of Sir James A. H. Murray, of Oxford Dictionary fame, has done a notable piece of scholarly work in this book, although it scarcely answers to its title. What one would have expected under that rubric would have been an account of the development of the game we know, the evolution of the gambits, the change in strategy produced by match play, biographies and anecdotes of the chief masters and champions, with examples of the most brilliant games and problems. Mr. Murray gives something of all this, it is true, in the last hundred of his pages, but he himself, with his instinct for thoroughness, would be the last person to call this a history of modern chess, and even this sketch is cut short with the era of chess magazines and journals sixty years ago.

What he has given us is something more difficult and, in a measure, more valuable. He has written the fullest and most accurate account of Oriental and mediæval chess—of the Indian Chaturanga, of the Persian and Arabic Shatranj, and of the Ludus Scacorum of the Middle Ages; in other words, he has taken up again the chief problems dealt with by Van der Linde in that curious amalgam of bibliography, anecdotage, scholarly research, and egotism which he called "Geschichte und Litteratur des Schachspiels." And it may be said at once that he has beaten the Dutch scholar on his own ground, not alone in extent of research—he gives double the number of Oriental and mediæval end-games—but also in thoroughness of treatment and soundness of judgment. One can never say that a piece of work is final, but it is difficult to see how Mr. Murray's work can be bettered for a long time to come. He appears to have consulted all the accessible manuscript sources relating to mediæval chess, many of which he has edited or abstracted for the present work, and until further material of this kind turns up it would scarcely seem worth while doing over again what Mr. Murray has done so well.

The conclusions which he reaches as to the origin and development of the game and its transition from the Orient to mediæval Europe do not differ widely from those of his predecessors. He naturally rejects Forbes's claim of a five-thousand-year antiquity for the game, since, even in India, it cannot be traced further back than the seventh century of our era. Mr. Murray believes that it originated as a two-handed war game played with dice on an Ashtapada board of 8 by 8 lines. The Chaturanga or "four-limbed" game represented the four elements—chariots, cavalry, elephants, infantry—of the Indian armies (with the addition of the king and his vizier), and these elements are still extant as rooks, knights, bishops, and pawns. Mr. Murray throws out the suggestion that chess may have been invented by a Buddhist desirous of replacing real war by a game, but the only basis for the suggestion is that the earliest mentions of the game in India are connected with Buddhists.

Nor has Mr. Murray been able to solve the intricate problem of the transition from India to Persia, which was the decisive stage in the development of the game, as indeed is indicated by its name. The Arabic annalists connected this transition with the introduction of "Indian numerals" which we, in our turn, call Arabic figures; and Firdausi thought so much of the incident that he made it part of the national epic, the far-famed "Shah-namah." Almost the only clue is afforded by the tradition that the game was brought to Persia at the same time as the book of Indian fables known as "Kalila-wa-Dimna," which is always associated with the name of Chosroes I (531-578 A. D.). The only difficulty about accepting this comparatively early date is that there is no reference to chess either in Indian or Persian literature till the next century. Yet a fairly trustworthy Muslim tradition connects the game with the Caliph Omar, in whose caliphate Persia was conquered by the Arabs.

Mr. Murray is at his best in dealing with Arabic chess. He has consulted the whole manuscript literature with great diligence and gives not alone 553 end-games, but an analysis of the main middle positions in Arabic chess derived from an unpublished treatise by Al-Lajlaj, who died in 970 A. D. Owing to the restricted moves of vizier and elephant (our queen and bishop) the opposing forces did not come to close grips enough in the first ten or a dozen moves to allow of anything like our modern openings or gambits.

As regards the introduction of chess into Europe, Mr. Murray, by an interesting application of phonetic laws, proves that it took place at the beginning of the tenth century, though the earliest literary references are about a hundred years later. The Low Latin *scacus*, derived ultimately from the Persian *shah* (but meaning "chessman," and not "king") could have taken that form only, he contends, in the tenth century. It may here be remarked that, like a true son of his father, he pays the greatest attention to the names of chessmen in their different forms, and is often guided by phonetic evidence where actual historic reference is inaccessible. It would have been interesting in this connection, if he had thrown some light on the newest etymology of checkmate, "the Shah is hopeless" from the Persian instead of "the sheikh is dead" from the Arabic.

Mr. Murray is equally thorough in his treatment of the mediæval game, of which he gives something like 750 examples, with solutions where these are possible; for it is characteristic of the mediæval problem that it was frequently unsound, and Mr. Murray, following Van der Linde, suggests that such problems were made the subject of bets. In this part of his work he edits a considerable number of problems in Old French and Middle English. It would have been as well if he had attached solutions in modern notation, as he does in other cases. Not everybody interested in chess is fully acquainted with the mediæval forms of French and English.

Mediæval chess is almost the same as Muslim chess, and suffers from the same want of strength due to the limited range of the queen and the bishop. When their moves were extended to the end of the board in the last decades of the fifteenth century, modern chess, as we nowadays know it, came into existence. The increased powers of these two pieces enabled the players to bring a strong attack against their adversaries in the first four or five moves, rendering, indeed, a "fool's mate" possible within the first four. So, too, the pawn, since it could become a queen on the eighth row, gained so much in significance by this increased range that pawn-play became more important in corresponding measure. Mr. Murray gives, from as-Suli, a comparison of the relative values of bishop and queen in the Muslim game, and contrasts them with those given by the authorities for modern chessmen, taking the rook's pawn as the unit of value in both games. Whereas the Arabic "fil," or bishop, was worth twice this value, the modern bishop is reckoned as equal to 5.3 times. Still greater is the disparity between the "firzan" of Muslim chess, reckoned by as-Suli at three times the value of the rook's pawn, with the modern queen estimated at 15.5. These two changes at once alter the character of the whole game, as was recognized by

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the Italians, who probably introduced them, but called the new form of the game "scacchi alla rabiosa," or "mad chess," which, from French translations, Mr. Murray shows referred to the "mad moves" of the queen in the new game. The first printed work on chess, by the Spaniard Lucena about 1497, gives problems both of the old and of the new chess. But it is characteristic that he, for the first time in chess literature, analyzes the openings, including the King's, Bishop's, the Philidor, the Petroff, the Giuoco Piano, and the Ruy Lopez gambits.

With Lucena's work modern chess begins, and Mr. Murray's detailed history virtually ends. He gives, indeed, a few chapters containing a sketch of the development of the modern game; but these contrast markedly with the thoroughness of his earlier treatment, and leave room for a history of chess as applied to the modern game. He is thoroughly justified in thus restricting his task to that portion of the field in which his wide linguistic powers find their fullest play.

It should be remarked that Mr. Murray devotes as much attention to the archæology and the *Culturgeschichte* of his subject as he does to its literature. He reproduces chessboards and chessmen from all parts of the world, and often deduces interesting points from their shapes. He treats at less length, but quite adequately, some of the variant forms of the game, though he leaves aside the more modern chess eccentricities. He even takes into account other board-games, like backgammon, fox and geese, and "merels." He gives in full the Muslim legends about the origin of chess and the mediæval moral literature leading up to Caxton's work, thought by Scott's Antiquary to be the earliest English printed book. The whole subject has wider bearings than might appear at first sight. Thus Mr. Murray takes occasion to point out that the dominance of Persian players of chess in Islam is only another example of the immense influence of Persia upon Mohammedanism. He expresses the opinion that the Muslim players show more subtlety than their European confrères in the Middle Ages, but, at the same time, points out that it was only in Europe that the game received its full development by the changed powers of the queen, which has in turn reacted in modern times upon Oriental chess. Anecdotes, witticisms, and locutions relating to chess are given in profusion from Oriental manuscripts and mediæval romances. He has, however, put so much into his book that it is by no means easy reading, however much the author helps by convenient summaries.

When a scholar of such ability and equipment devotes sixteen years to a restricted field of research like the history of chess, it seems both ungrateful and impertinent to point to a few solar spots in his treatment of the subject. But, if only to evidence a certain care in the perusal of his book, one might notice a few cases where Mr. Murray's skill and knowledge have failed him for the moment. Thus it is incorrect to state that the Arabic version of "Kalila-wa-Dimna" is the immediate source of the mediæval European version (note on page 155); the Latin translation of John of Capua, entitled "Directorium Humanæ Vitæ," was the real source. Mr. Murray calls the Western versions of this literature "Fables of Pilpay," showing that his knowledge of this literature is rather scanty or antiquated. This is especially unfortunate, as the transition of chess and of the fables from India to Persia was probably simultaneous. So, too, he neglects the references to chess in the "Thousand and One Nights," on the plea that they can only be placed in the Mamluk period in Egypt. Recent research is beginning to trace back portions at least to a much earlier period. Reference might have been made to the celebrated game of chaupur of Rajah Rasalu in Indian legend, and de Goeje's name should not have been misspelled Goege, as on page 163. Mr. Murray seems to be unaware that the Arabic sections in Van der Linde's work were contributed by M. Steinschneider without acknowledgment on Van der Linde's part. In referring to modern "champions," the name of Zukertort is omitted, who had a right to the title after beating Steinitz in a championship series. The index is not quite so full as it might be; one would have been glad to recover again the reference to Montaigne, who is quoted in the text but whose name is omitted in the index; and there is an earlier quotation from Piacenza than that given in the index. But one is almost ashamed to point out such minute blemishes in one of the most thorough pieces of research that English scholarship has produced in recent years.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Witness for the Defence. By A. E. W. Mason. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Story of Louie. By Oliver Onions. New York: George H. Doran Co.

Murder, as Mr. Mason's heroine and Mr. Onions's hero commit it, is hardly what you would call a crime. Looked at rightly, *i. e.*, with a ready willingness to be guided by the author's intention, it is scarcely more than an undeserved misfortune. To understand all is to forgive all. The question then is—as we imagine an up-to-date author putting it to himself—What degree of murder can the reader be made to understand? Just how heavy a homicidal handicap is it safe to impose upon a favorite character? What delicious fooling can be extracted from the absurdities of such a proposition has been dramatically demonstrated by the whimsically audacious Mr. Barrie. But Mr. Mason and Mr. Onions, not having envisaged their self-imposed task shrewdly enough to realize its intrinsic thanklessness, have addressed themselves in all seriousness to the devising of murders that shall answer to the definition and still attach as little odium as possible to their perpetrators. Both of them have hit upon the expedient of making the villain the victim of the violent taking off, and thereby greatly simplified the problem.

Mr. Mason's heroine shoots a hard-drinking and peculiarly malevolent husband who "keeps all his drunkenness for her." Having thus peremptorily ended her seven years of domestic purgatory in India, she is acquitted upon jury trial and returns to her girlhood home in England. The exact degree of her guilt remains her secret until almost the end of the story, when inquiry into the evidence is privately revived by the perturbed relatives of a young man who wishes to marry her, and she is unexpectedly confronted with the witness whose testimony at the trial had cleared her. This personage, a barrister of considerable reputation and an M.P., had dined with her and the husband of detestable memory on the very evening of the murder, and so had been in a position to have his evidence believed, though by no means to believe it himself. Furthermore—and here we get back to the original root of bitterness—this same perjured witness for the defence is the very man who years ago had deliberately preferred his ambition to her love. Her confession as finally made to him—and us—just fails to bring the shooting within the plea of self-defence, but succeeds fairly well in shifting the responsibility for her ill-advised marriage and the consequent tragedy to his shoulders. Under conviction of sin he is more than willing that they should expiate their errors together; but a punishment better fitted to his crime is meted out to him, and Stella Ballantyne's welfare is given into the safekeeping of a younger champion.

The crime upon which "The Story of Louie" centres is justified—quite in the current mode—solely as a prophylactic measure. The hero saves the girl he loves from worse than death by strangling a noxious little beast whom she is about to marry. Two volumes have already been devoted to this affair from the executioner's point of view. Their readers will remember that the confidante of his crime was not the commonplace Evie in whose interest it was undertaken and whom he after-

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wards married, but another woman, whose gratuitous offering of understanding and protection was always inexplicable to him. We have now a volume explaining Louie and her divinations—a whole life history. She is accounted for as the daughter of a lady and a pugilist, inheriting something of hauteur from the Honorable Emily, and physical perfection, loyalty, and endurance from the manly "Buck." Arrived at womanhood and realizing herself barred from her mother's class, she propounds to herself the problem of self-support, and in one way and another, as cashier, model, or typist, manages to solve it for herself and the illegitimate son whom she acquires early in the game. Mr. Onions has that rare patience which we are so often encouraged to confound with genius; his design is elaborated down to the very last detail. If his inspiration has not quite sufficed to build a wonderful spiritual drama around this framework of repellent fact, at any rate the attempt comes near enough to success to compel rather respectful admiration. What he appreciates is the man of Napoleon-of-commerce type and his disconcerting appearance in the midst of the English social order. Of the simplicity of heart which such a man can retain in his personal relations we have heard a great deal in American fiction, and Mr. Onions insists upon it strongly. But we recall with some misgiving that he has used this, and at least one other of his best ideas, before in "The Exception." The world being so full of a number of things, this is somewhat disappointing. And as for a murder, an apoplectic stroke, and two suicides—we hope he will not again tax our capacity for tragic appreciation so far.

The Tale of Lady Daventry. New York: Brentano's.

An adventuress with a brain and will "equal, if different to" Napoleon's and Luther's, is the heroine of this anonymous tale. She is a country girl, as we see her in the beginning, of scant accomplishments, great beauty, greater ambition, and "with ice, not blood, in her veins." She frankly marries the witty, wicked old lord for his wealth and position; she promptly intrigues with his grown son, whom she hates, to bring about the birth of an heir to the title; and she then fabricates a story of outrage in order to accomplish the ruin of the man whom she has played false. The old lord dies, after some years, in a frenzy of rage at the woman who has thus betrayed him, disfiguring her with a dagger as he gasps his last; and when her son, on attaining his majority and coming into the estate, learns by chance of his paternity and his mother's villany, he promptly commits suicide. She is thus left in the ruins of the structure she has built.

As a foil to all this thunder and melodrama, the reader follows the fortunes of Margaret Lester, daughter of a tenant of the Daventry estate, who is as good as the Lady Daventry is bad. She goes to London and makes her way there as an author, marrying in happiness and triumph at the very moment of Lady Daventry's final misfortunes. The contrast between the two threads reeks of poetic justice, though a student of narrative technique will object to the crudeness with which they are interwoven. People of unquiet nerves might be warned against the book, were not the protagonist too unreal to carry alarming conviction.

The White Sapphire. By Lee Foster Hartman. New York: Harper & Bros.

The subtitle, "A Mystery Romance," indicates the dual interest of this story. Half is romantic and half detective. The story has the merit of an unexpected climax, with still another climax for the final page. The action takes place in a country house in the Berkshires, and has to do with the theft of a precious ruby which has been abstracted from a safe, evidently by a burglar expert in the use of a steel drill. But that he should have taken twenty dollars and the ruby and left behind fifteen diamonds lying next to the ruby constitutes the mystery. This is finally solved, to the confusion of an old-time villain, by a guest at the house, a young cosmopolitan American, who, though an amateur at sleuthing, has once confuted Scotland Yard. That he is aided by a knowledge of radioactivity indicates the utter timeliness of the story.

MAXWELL'S LORD CLARENDON.

The Life and Letters of George William Frederick, Fourth Earl of Clarendon. By the Right Hon. Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Two vols. $8.50 net.

For about twenty-five years, from 1845 to 1870, the name of Lord Clarendon stood next to those of Lord John Russell and Palmerston among British Foreign Secretaries. On the European Continent it had, deservedly, a great prestige: how great, is illustrated in this story told by his biographer. In 1871 Lord Clarendon's daughter, Lady Odo Russell, sat next to Bismarck at dinner, and was astonished at his saying: "Never in my life was I more glad to hear of anything than of your father's death." At Lady Russell's amazement, Bismarck patted her hand and added: "*Ach*, dear lady, you must not take it like that. What I mean is that, if your father had lived, he would have prevented the war." Whether Clarendon could have prevented France from rushing into the net which Bismarck spread for her is debatable; but that Bismarck thought he could is a sufficient tribute to Clarendon's ability.

George Villiers, born in 1800, was descended from the great Earl of Clarendon, and on his mother's side from Cromwell. His people belonged to the powerful Whig oligarchy, and although they had comparatively small means (until, through the death of his uncle, Clarendon succeeded to the earldom in 1839), their habits and associations were wholly aristocratic. Young Villiers matriculated at St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1816, took his M.A. four years later, and was attaché at St. Petersburg until 1823, when he became a commissioner of customs.

Out of that post, which often threw a damper on young men of promise, he was fortunately lifted and sent on a special mission to France in 1831. The next year Palmerston appointed him Minister at Madrid, where he served until 1839. On his return to England, he declined in quick succession the Governor-Generalship of Canada and the Mastership of the Mint, but accepted office in Melbourne's Cabinet as Lord Privy Seal. Thenceforward, whether he was in office or in opposition, Clarendon stood high in the esteem of both parties; and, indeed, although bred a Whig, he did not hesitate to join Lord Aberdeen's coalition Ministry as Foreign Secretary. Previous to this, he served as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland during the terrible famine years.

As head of the Foreign Office from 1852 to 1858, Clarendon shared with the Premier, Lord Aberdeen, the responsibility for "drifting" into the Crimean War, and, with Lord Palmerston, he determined the British attitude at the Congress of Paris. In 1864 he resumed his seat in the Cabinet; was Foreign Secretary after Palmerston's death, and again in Gladstone's first Ministry. He died June 27, 1870, less than four weeks before the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War.

This list of Lord Clarendon's chief public services by no means represents the range of his political influence at home, much less of his importance as a statesman of international fame during the first half of Queen Victoria's reign. He possessed two qualifications for dealing with great public affairs: he saw very clearly what he desired to do, and he did it promptly and decisively when left to his own initiative. He had also the discretion and the tact, coupled with rare personal impressiveness, which counted for much in that period when diplomats still had the manners of *grands seigneurs*.

Sir Herbert Maxwell's biography is personal rather than political, a fact which adds greatly to its interest for the general reader. It shows us Clarendon far more intimately than Evelyn Ashley showed Palmerston, or than Spencer

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Walpole showed Lord John Russell. Take him for all in all, Clarendon stands out as the embodiment of the highest type of Whig peer. He is as evidently representative of that remarkable species, now extinct, as the late Lord Salisbury was of the antipodal type of Tory peer. One wonders at first, why it was that Clarendon, in spite of his known efficiency as an administrator, in spite of his recognized eminence in his party, never rose to actual leadership. He was thought of for Premier, and Queen Victoria, at least, would gladly have had him in that office rather than Palmerston or Lord John, but he could not succeed in forming a Ministry. His biographer suggests that the lateness at which he entered Parliament—he became a peer only in his fortieth year—deprived him of early acquaintance with the personnel and with the ways of that body. Although he was a vigorous writer—his dispatches being among the best of that period—he lacked both eloquence as an orator and readiness as a debater. He lacked also that quality of imposing himself on his party which was the common possession of politicians as different as Disraeli and Parnell. Had he been really masterful, he would not have remained at the Foreign Office when, contrary to his purpose, England "drifted" into the war with Russia. He would have done what Lord John and Palmerston did whenever they were opposed: either persist regardless of consequences, or resign.

Although this memoir is not primarily political, it throws many sidelights on British and international politics. Beginning with the civil war in Spain, where Clarendon labored to secure Queen Christina against the Carlists, it touches on most of the political events and personages of Western Europe during the next forty years. Louis Philippe and the Spanish marriages, the Irish famine, the rise and progress of Louis Napoleon, English action during the American Civil War, the emergence of Prussia—these are some of the topics in which Clarendon's correspondence is abundant and fresh.

His own letters to his intimates are written without reserve. Nothing could be more entertaining than his remarks on men and things. His rich vein of sarcasm spares neither the Queen nor the Prince Consort—whom he refers to under the aliases "Eliza" and "Joseph"—neither Dizzy, nor Pam, nor lesser personages. One gets from his letters a sense of the banality of much of the court life. We infer from them Queen Victoria's lack of regard for public business—she would often stay at Osborne, which involved at least a twelve-hour journey on the part of her Ministers, at a critical moment when her presence at Buckingham Palace was most desired. Clarendon also recalls how the Queen herself sent to the *Times* a letter in her own handwriting, protesting against being criticised for remaining secluded in her widowhood, and how the *Times* printed it with the signature "Anonyma" (April 6, 1864). Clarendon, however, always writes sympathetically of her bereavement, and for several years she sought his private advice on public matters. Then, perhaps for the reason that one of his earlier satirical remarks had reached her, she turned against him; and when Gladstone proposed him for the Foreign Secretaryship in 1868, the Queen declared that she would not consent to his occupying any position whatsoever. Why she gave way, after a fortnight's stubbornness, does not appear.

The biographer prints many extracts from the diary of Lady Clarendon and makes us wish that all the important passages in the diary, which covers thirty years, may be edited. As she shared her husband's political confidences, she often supplies information on matters which are not mentioned in his correspondence. The letters of Emily Eden, caustic and entertaining, bring Victorian high-life vividly before us, and those of Mrs. Villiers paint society at its revels under that "blackguard," the Prince Regent. Charles Greville, Cornewall Lewis, Granville, and many others lay bare the state of public opinion at a given moment, or add to our knowledge of its shapers.

Sir Herbert Maxwell has achieved a well-rounded biography, in which we draw close not merely to Clarendon the statesman and diplomat and the Whig grandee, but to the very man himself. Sir Herbert, though a Tory, writes with perfect fairness. He has arranged his material clearly and has been happy in choosing what is vital.

The Spiritual Drama in the Life of Thackeray. By Nathaniel Wright Stephenson. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.25 net.

With a tardy indignation, Professor Stephenson is fired by Charles Whibley's "Thackeray," which appeared a decade ago. In that study Mr. Whibley said little of Thackeray, the man, speaking almost exclusively of Thackeray, the writer, drawing sometimes unflattering comparisons with his contemporaries and applying French ideals of art in fiction with rather less than the proverbial love of the biographer. He produced indeed a critical commentary on Thackeray's achievement.

With this attitude Professor Stephenson has no patience. It represents an author, he asserts, "as a trinity of pen, ink-pot, and sheet of paper." When the critic declares that what Thackeray "was at the beginning he was at the end—a man of letters to whom time and experience gave not a new style, but merely better control of his material," he waxes warm: "Mr. Whibley ignores entirely the inward drama of Thackeray's great life. . . . He is blind to that long, slow, but at length victorious, warfare of Thackeray's religion against his weakness."

This essential struggle is divided into three acts. "Pendennis" ends the first, where a malign fate presides over the destinies of men, and Sorrow sits empress. "We see goodness linked always with futility; evil, splendid and triumphant." The year 1851 is the crisis; the writing of the lectures on "The English Humorists" the turning-point. Thackeray now awakes to the falsity of his earlier view of life. There seems to be no "curtain" for this act, but it closes with "The Newcomes," where "all the vices of Thackeray's earlier thinking have disappeared." The third act is short but serene, containing "Philip" and "Denis Duval," and presenting a conviction that whatever is is right, a genuine faith that "all's right with the world."

What shall one say of this novel view of the Victorian master? What proof is brought forward? The evidence found is in the novels themselves, whose characters are cunningly dissected, whose meaning or structure is explained by means of picturesque imagery. But the tone of the third period was apparently suggested to the author by some felicitously phrased but conventional ideas in a letter of condolence written by Thackeray to a cousin on the death of an aunt. These words are echoed and reëchoed in the descriptions of his final works in a way that is almost amusing.

Though Professor Stephenson displays on nearly every page a love passing that of the biographer, his handling of evidence reveals two fundamental misconceptions. The first regards Thackeray, the man. Mr. Whibley did glance too seldom at the writer's personality, but in proving him wrong, Professor Stphenson commits a more disquieting error. The dividing of a man's life into periods, always a difficult and questionable procedure, is in Thackeray's case particularly dubious. His whole work expresses a personality of rare charm, but with an art that is instinctive rather than conscious. His characters dictated their conduct to him. To the end he was governed by his material instead of moulding it by clearly seen principles towards preconceived effects. One cannot by taking thought add a cubit to one's stature; much less can a novelist who writes from the heart rather than from the head alter his personality. That this amiable, elegant, but disillusioned soul should be the scene of a lifelong conflict between religion and disappointment is not only a novel but a refreshing assertion.

The second misconception regards

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Thackeray, the writer. To Professor Stephenson, maintaining his view of the master's final optimism, "Vanity Fair" becomes unmanly and pernicious. Addison becomes the central figure of "Esmond" because he is the most hopeful and successful character. "Philip," which every one regards as little more than an echo of earlier productions, becomes "a ripe apple beautiful without and sound within," while "'Pendennis,' for all its external brilliancy, is worm-eaten at the core." "Denis Duval," a fragment too short for almost any generalization, and particularly for conclusions with regard to the author's view of life, becomes "a pinnacle whence we view the entire field of Life and behold all the parts of it related in a single design, the meaning of which is that His will is done on earth as it is in heaven." So much does a figure of speech distort one's sense of values.

For even if the tone of robust optimism that Professor Stephenson discovers did exist in Thackeray's later work, it would detract from rather than augment that classic novelist's vogue. No one goes to him to learn that

> God's in his heaven,
> All's right with the world.

He stands for a mood of realism, an ironic presentation of life, an attitude of brave sadness in the face of the manifold disappointments of this world, a purpose, as Trollope puts it, always to encounter "melancholy with buffoonery and meanness with satire." To find in him the apostle of an all-conquering optimism would rob the English language of one of its greatest satirists of life and manners. Though Professor Stephenson has written an interesting book, it is with Mr. Whibley's conclusions that the student and the lover of Thackeray can the more easily agree.

The Ottoman Empire, 1801-1913. By William Miller. Cambridge University Press; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

The policy of the Cambridge Historical Series, and not Mr. Miller, has no doubt caused this book to belong, not in the class of those that interpret and enlighten, but of those that set forth in classified chronological order a large number of selected facts. The facts, moreover, are not taken from the social, economic, religious, and cultural fields except incidentally. The course of political events, wars, treaties, and policies make up the substance of the narrative, and the reader must for the most part establish causal connections for himself. Yet the author himself must be charged with a failure to develop adequately an important element of his story. It would be unfair to expect Mr. Miller to feel sympathy with the Ottoman Turks, but he ought to give their story a more distinct place in a book entitled "The Ottoman Empire." Their proposals in the direction of reform should not be dismissed sneeringly (pages 151, 361); their actual reforms should not be omitted entirely; their Constitution should receive at least as full exposition as that of any Balkan state (pages 174, 371, 414); their name should find a place in the index. The fact is that in writing of the Ottoman Empire Mr. Miller has looked mainly at the empty part of the cup. His book would more accurately have been entitled "The Near Eastern Question, 1801-1913 (with Special Reference to the Development of the Balkan States)."

Actually, the Turks have had much history in the past one hundred and twelve years. Each of their Sultans has possessed individuality, from Selim III, martyr to reforming zeal, and Mahmud II, destroyer of the reactionary Janissaries, to Abdul Hamid II, restorer of ruthless despotism, and Mohammed V, friend of liberty and progress. The Turks have made great changes in their lives and institutions, and no century but the nineteenth could have regarded the Turks of that century as unprogressive. When a nation has striven to make within a hundred and twenty-five years such an advance from mediæval to modern times as England made between Henry II and George V, and has arrived only at the time of the first George, has not that nation done very well? Mr. Miller devotes to the really great constitutional progress of Turkey not more than a half-dozen pages, scattered here and there. He gives as much space (pages 348 to 353) to the "drama of Oropós," an episode of murderous brigandage, which in the year 1870 embroiled Greece with England. Such is the outcome when the friend of the sheep writes the history of the dying wolf.

For Mr. Miller is a Philhellene. Fully one-fourth of his book is given to the story of modern Greece. Her sins are not covered, but neither are her achievements suppressed. Her rapid progress is indicated well, as is that of the other states which fill up the territory held in 1801 by the Ottoman Empire. Especially valuable is the development of the history of the past thirty-five years. The Italo-Turkish War perhaps receives too scant attention. The Balkan wars could not be brought beyond the failure of the London Conference in February, 1913.

It was hardly to be expected that an Englishman would overlook, as Mr. Miller has done, the brilliant beginning of the career of him who became Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, when in 1812 he expedited the conclusion of the Treaty of Bucharest, which not only released the Russian armies for resistance to Napoleon I, but saved Rumania, to become, not another Finland, but an effective buffer state between Russia and Turkey. Mr. Miller, however, has throughout made little attempt to develop the vast diplomatic background to the Eastern question in the chancelleries of the great Powers of the world.

The book has hardly any faults besides those of omission and disproportion. It is clear, sober, accurate, and nearly always fair. The maps are directly adapted to the text. The good bibliography shows the use of books in seven languages, which yet do not include Turkish or the Slavic group, Servian, Bulgarian, and Russian. The volume constitutes a welcome and timely contribution to the study of the complex situation in Southeastern Europe.

The Vanishing Race. By Dr. Joseph K. Dixon. Illustrated. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $3.50.

Further than to say that, as its title implies, it is about Indians, this book is not easy to classify. In the broader sense it is not history, and in the narrower it is not ethnology. With the sociological problem presented by the condition of the aboriginal race it makes no pretension to deal. The chapter with which it opens, on the habits, dress, religion, and other characteristics of the Indians, makes no new contribution to our knowledge of these subjects. In its "record of the last Great Indian Council, participated in by eminent chiefs from nearly every Indian reservation in the United States"—we quote from the title-page—the performance scarcely bears out the promise. From such an announcement the uninitiated reader might infer that the multitude of tribes still surviving here had been in the habit of holding an associated council from time to time, that arranged by Dr. Dixon concluding the series. As a matter of fact, a convention of that sort was as much a novelty to the Indians concerned as it will be to the public who are invited to read about it.

Moreover, the statement that it was attended by representatives of "nearly every reservation in the United States" is not supported by the evidence of the text, which shows most of the Indian worthies in the assemblage to have come from a handful of Northern groups, and not from "nearly all," or even from a considerable number, of the one hundred and fifty and more reservations under the jurisdiction of the Federal Government, to say nothing of those controlled by individual States. For example, the reader will search in vain for any spokesman from a great body like the Navajo, equally famous in war and in peace, and numerically one of the largest, if not actually the largest, of our native tribes. Neither do we find in the gathering any of the pueblo or mission Indians from the territory ceded by Mexico, or any members of the

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so-called five civilized tribes of the old Indian Territory. The nearest we come to the latter is through a Kiowa, an Apache, and a Southern Cheyenne.

By far the largest number of the chiefs who talked to the interpreters for Dr. Dixon's benefit belonged to the Crow tribe or to one of the several branches of the great Sioux nation. It is for this reason, doubtless, that so much of the book is written around the story of the destruction of Gen. Custer's command, narrated from the point of view of the few living Indians of prominence who took part, directly or indirectly, in the battle. This is by far the most important feature of the volume, and the speeches reported bear a stamp of genuineness which give them real value as exponents of Indian character and thought, whether or not we are ready to accept their testimony as absolutely accurate after so long an interval.

The illustrations, which number eighty, are photogravures, some being portraits of notable Indians and others depicting various phases of Indian life amid a wild environment. Artistically, they follow the trail first marked by Mr. Edward S. Curtis. They are, as a rule, fine examples of posing, and in their mechanical execution leave nothing to be desired. Especially noteworthy among the scenes are A Glimpse Backward, War Memories, and The Sunset of a Dying Race, which have an atmosphere quite independent of artifice in composition. Of the portraits, those of Two-Moons, Bear-Ghost, Pretty-Voice-Eagle, and Running-Bird stand easily first in quality. Well printed and handsomely bound, "The Vanishing Race" will fill a conspicuous place on the library table, irrespective of the part it may play among the soberer contents of the shelves.

Notes

Included in the March publications of Frederick A. Stokes Company are the following: "Bat Wing Bowls," by Dane Coolidge; "The Woman's Law," by Maravene Thompson; "Every Man's Money and How the Bankers Use It," by Louis D. Brandeis; "Montessori's Own Handbook," by Maria Montessori, and "America Through Oriental Spectacles," by Wu Ting-Fang.

"The Reconnaissance," a novel by Gordon Gardiner, is about to be published by Macmillan.

Mr. William J. Locke's new novel, "The Fortunate Youth," is promised by John Lane Company for the end of March.

Forthcoming books in the list of the Century Company include: "Dodo's Daughter," by E. F. Benson; "Barnabetta," by Helen R. Martin; "The Things He Wrote to Her," by Richard Wightman; "Little Essays in Literature and Life," by Richard Burton; "Idle Wives," by James Oppenheim, and "Bedesman 4," by Mary J. H. Skrine.

Baron von Wolzogen's musical novel, "Kraft-Mayr," which has proved a great success in Germany, is soon to be published by Huebsch in an English translation with the title, "Florian Mayr."

Paul Elder & Co. announce a handsome limited edition of "Out of Bondage," a volume of poems by Fanny Hodges Newman.

A volume dealing with an almost unknown Alaskan race is announced by the Fleming H. Revell Co., under the title "A Study of the Thlinglets of Alaska." The author, Livingston F. Jones, has labored among this people as a missionary for twenty-one years.

Other books announced by Revell are "Asia at the Door," by Kiyoshi K. Kawakami, and "The Crisis of Morals," by Harold Begbie.

Houghton Mifflin Co. will have ready at an early date the following volumes: "Thomas Wentworth Higginson, the Story of his Life," by Mary Thacher Higginson; "The Precipice," a novel, by Elia W. Peattie; "Burbury Stoke," a novel, by William J. Hopkins; "The Satchel Guide to Europe, 1914," by W. J. Rolfe, edited by H. W. Dunning; "In Freedom's Birthplace," an account of the Boston negro of to-day, by John Daniels; "In the Old Paths," a book of essays, by Arthur Grant; "The Passing of Empire," a book on British rule in India, by H. Fielding-Hall; "Ægean Days and Other Sojourns," by J. Irving Manatt; "Poems," by Walter C. Arensberg, and "The Americans in the Philippines," by James A. Le Roy, with an introduction by William H. Taft.

Among the books announced for spring publication by the Yale University Press are: "The History of the Department of State," by Gaillard Hunt; "Memorials of Eminent Yale Men: A Biographical Study of Student Life During the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries," by Anson Phelps Stokes; "University Sermons," by Henry Sloane Coffin, D.D.; "Christianity Old and New: Proposed Reconstructions Viewed in the Light of Historic Development," by Benjamin Wisner Bacon, D.D.; "Trade Morals, Their Origin, Growth and Province," by Edward D. Page (Page Lectures); "Writings on American History, 1912," compiled by Grace Gardner Griffin; "Studies in Taxation Under John and Henry III," by Sydney K. Mitchell, Ph.D., Yale Historical Publications; "The Colonizing Activities of the English Puritans," by Arthur Percival Newton, Yale Historical Publications; "The Diary of a Voyage to the United States, 1793-1798," by Moreau de Saint-Méry, edited with an introduction by Stewart L. Mims, Yale Historical Publications; "Influences of Isocrates on Cicero, Dionysius and Aristides," by Harry M. Hubbell; "Poems," by Brian Hooker, and "Selections of Latin Verse," by the Latin Faculty of Williams College.

The spring list of E. P. Dutton & Co. includes, in fiction: "The World Set Free, a Story of Mankind," by H. G. Wells; "The Story of Helga," by Rudolph Herzog, authorized translation by Adele Lewisohn; "Liliecrona's Home," by Selma Lagerlöf, translated by Anna Barnwell; "The Green Graves of Balgowrie," by Jane H. Findlater; "Over the Hills," by Mary W. Findlater; "The Governor of England," by Marjorie Bowen; "The Honey-Star," by Tickner Edwardes; "A Wayfaring Soul," by Walter Raymond; "Drum's House," by Ida Wild; "The Passing of Oul-I-But," by Alan Sullivan; "Buddhist Stories," by Paul Dahlke, and "Korean Folk Tales," translated from the Korean of Im Bang and Yi Ryuk by James S. Gale.—Biography, history, and politics: "Christina of Denmark (1522-'90)," by Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Ady); "Wagner, as Man and Artist," by Ernest Newman; "The Philosophy of Ruskin," by André Chevrillon; "A History of Russia," in three volumes, by V. O. Kluchevsky; "The Reconstruction of the New Colonies Under Lord Milner (1902-'05)," in two volumes, by W. Basil Worsfold; "The Press Gang Afloat and Ashore," by J. R. Hutchinson, and "The China Year-Book for 1914," edited by H. T. Montague Bell.—Travel and adventure: "A Pepys of Mogul India (1653-1708)," an abridged edition of the "Storia do Mogor," by Niccolao Manucci, translated by William Irvine, edited by Margaret Irvine; "Things Seen in Oxford," by Norman J. Davidson; "The Life and Thought of Japan," by Okakura-Yoshisaburo, and "Tiger Land, Reminiscences of Forty Years' Sport and Adventure in Bengal," by C. E. Gouldsbury.—Religion and philosophy: "Buddhist China," by R. F. Johnston; "Mechanism, Life, and Personality," by J. S. Haldane; "The Theology of the Roman Church," by the Rev. Father Herbert Thurston, S. J., and "The Message of Zoroaster," by Ardaser Sorabjee N. Wadia.—Miscellaneous: "The Romance of Names," by Ernest Weekley; "English Dramatic Poetry," by Felix E. Schelling; "English Historians and Schools of History," by R. Lodge; "English Elegiac, Didactic, and Religious Poetry," by the Rev. H. C. Beeching, D.D., and the Rev. Ronald Bayne; "The Tragedy of Education," by Edmond Holmes; "Higher Nationality," by Viscount Haldane of Cloan; "English Domestic Clocks," by Herbert Cescinsky; "Public Library Administration," by W. S. C. Rae, and "A Pilgrimage of British Farming (1910-12)," by A. D. Hall.

We have received a copy of the third edition, revised and enlarged, of "The Immigration Problem" (Funk & Wagnalls), by Jeremiah W. Jenks and W. Jett Lauck. The plan and scope of the work have not been materially altered. Yet the changes show a marked shift of attitude in the book. Several passages which tended to minimize the social aspects of the immigration problem and to maintain the ease of assimilation have been modified, and two critical sections (pages 211-213 and 369-370) have been added, dealing with the dangers of the present situation. Thus the argument is more definitely on the side of restriction than in the first edition. The chapter on Recent Immigrants in Agriculture has been quite rewritten, with the use of the data of the Thirteenth Census. The statistical tables have been corrected where necessary, and a large

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number of new tables have been added. The appendices also include the text of the most important of the recent acts and proposed bills dealing with immigration. This book will continue to hold its position as the authoritative digest of the reports of the Immigration Commission, and as such will serve a widely useful purpose.

Scribners have been well advised to issue a new edition of "The Voyage of the Discovery," Capt. Robert F. Scott's record, in two volumes, of the National Antarctic Expedition, which he commanded during the years 1901 to 1904. In the list of "ship's company" we note the name of Shackleton, who was later to try again for the "farthest South," and that of Dr. Wilson, whom we take to be the Wilson of the last, fatal expedition. The book has absorbing interest, and though it cannot add nobility to the Capt. Scott revealed in the diary of his final dash for the Pole, it does at least enlarge and sweeten the portrait.

Appropriately dedicated to Ernest Thompson Seton, "On Nature's Trail: A Wonder-Book of the Wild" (Doran), by F. St. Mars, is a book of tales in which the author sentimentalizes nature without a single token of a troubled conscience. Most of his animals are bloodthirsty villains, who do wild deeds with abandon, and who are characterized, if anything, more definitely than the villains of melodrama. All of the tales are sure to "thrill" satisfactorily; one of the most agreeably thrilling is "The Master of the Situation," which tells of the astonishing adventures of Krar, a hoodie crow whose beak "suggested the business end of a pickaxe" and who was "a winged disaster and a servant of the Evil One." Another typical story deals with a quick-hatch, "whose name the trappers of the Rocky Mountains use when they want to call one by a worse name than devil." Mr. St. Mars's wild heroes dwell in sundry parts of the world—in Scotland, in Tibet, and elsewhere.

The small volume of "Indian Historical Studies" (Longmans, Green), by H. G. Rawlinson, professor of English literature at the Deccan College, Poona, contains a number of papers in part already published in India. The author's purpose has been to present to a general public portions of India's past for the benefit especially of the modern Hindu. The Western student of Oriental history will find in this book excellent though brief sketches of the lives of Buddha and Asoka, a good account of the Greek dynasties of the Punjab, an entertaining résumé of the travels of Chinese pilgrims in India, and a judicious estimate of the political importance of Akbar and Shivaji. The adventures of Robert Knox, an involuntary pilgrim in Ceylon, and those of the lively Ifn Batuta are related in an interesting manner, and the foreground is well filled with the history of the Sikhs in the last century. The final chapter is devoted to the question of foreign influences in the civilization of ancient India, where Mr. Rawlinson leaves the firmer path of history for the slippery track of speculation. The author remarks that the study of Indian history might "also check, in England and America, the spread of rubbishy ideas, propagated under the title Oriental philosophy by charlatans who often cannot read a line of Sanskrit." On p. 5, the turning-point of Buddha's life should be the twenty-ninth year, not the twenty-first.

W. A. Graham's "Siam, a Handbook of Practical, Commercial, and Political Information" (Chicago: F. G. Brown & Co.), is a stout little book of six hundred odd pages, which fulfils thoroughly the promise of its title. Under the head of Practical the reader will find chapters on the flora and fauna, a very readable short history of Siam, and nearly a hundred small but good photographs. Under which head Mr. Graham would set the chapters on religion and language may be questioned. They appear to be due to an afterthought, as they come at the end; but they make excellent reading. A whole chapter is devoted to art, architecture, music, dancing, and the drama, and there are appendices containing lists of animals, plants, minerals, trade statistics, etc. Among the religious ceremonies that of the swing-festival will appeal to students of comparative religion, as it evidently reflects an Indian prototype, but with remarkable variations. The modest author claims only "passable accuracy" for his innumerable data, but so far as the reviewer has been able to control the mass of statements, the work is as accurate as it is replete with useful and interesting information. A very clear map and full index complete the satisfaction with which one peruses this admirable volume.

"William of Germany" (Macmillan), by Stanley Shaw, contains a fair amount of new and interesting material for some future historian of the German Emperor. Dr. Shaw has not wholly relied on the standard sources of information concerning his subject—such as the Bismarck *recollections*, the *Hohenlohe memoirs*, and Dr. Paul Liman's character sketch of the Emperor—but has gathered in useful items about his court, the building up of the German navy, and various other matters, not easily accessible elsewhere. There is nothing very novel in his own view of his hero's character, which, after much detailed analysis, seems to him quite baffling. He sees in the Emperor a "Cromwellian trait," which inclines him to take "a religious, a patriarchal, one might say an Hebraic, view of government," in spite of his indomitable warrior spirit, and a recently developed "American Rockefeller element." Still another side of the Emperor's nature is dwelt upon in a curious chapter on the Emperor and the Arts, which goes deeply into the subject, down to the Sanskrit root of the word art and beyond the Secessionists (for whom William II, alas! has no liking) into the future of Cubism. Dr. Shaw is convinced that, if the Emperor were not "a first-rate monarch, he would probably be a first-rate artist." But, the author finally says, "in what rôle would he not have done well?" In spite of such doubtful conjectures, the book, on the whole, is quite readable, and may be recommended for its general accuracy and its fairness. It has, however, more than its share of the careless proof-reading which seems to be inseparable from the process of hurrying through the press book after book about Germany and her Emperor. "Odo Russell" for John Russell, "Emmanuel II" for Victor Emanuel, "Grossler" for Gossler, "Gari Melchior" for Gari Melchers, "Admiral Nogi" for Gen. Nogi, and such hybrids as "Frederick Karl" and "Burghertum" are among the minor blemishes with which the book teems.

The Transactions of the Royal Historical Society of Great Britain for 1912 (London: Offices of the Society) opens with two presidential addresses—the first, that of Archdeacon Cunningham, continuing his inquiry into points of contrast between English and Scottish history by an examination of the guildry and trade incorporations in Scottish towns; the other, that of Professor Firth, on the development of the study of seventeenth-century history, constituting a noteworthy bibliographical and critical contribution to English history. One of Dr. Cunningham's remarks, which is particularly suggestive as coming from the author of "The Origin and Development of English Industry and Commerce," is worth quoting:

> The economic expert who turns his attention to history is tempted to lay stress on the sordid side of life; he has formed the habit of dwelling upon motives that are susceptible of money measurement, and when he sees evidence that a familiar motive is at work, he seems to think that everything is explained. If we are content merely to look on the surface when examining the condition of industrial and commercial life in the past, we are likely to find in them a reflection of human nature as we know it in our own century. But if we penetrate deeper, through these economic phenomena, we may get to know something of the springs of national progress and the sources of national character.

As a comment on the so-called materialistic interpretation of history, this remark deserves careful consideration.

The remaining articles in the volume are interesting, but with two exceptions are designed for the specialist rather than the general reader. The essay by Mr. Webster on the Polish-Saxon question at the Congress of Vienna is an illuminating study of a much-vexed problem, and throws new light on the purpose and policy of Castlereagh. A further examination of the work of the same statesman is seen in the paper by J. E. S. Green, who likewise defends the acts of the British Minister and endeavors to throw some of the responsibility for the customary misinterpretation of Castlereagh's failure at Verona in 1822 upon the shoulders of Canning, his former rival, who, Mr. Green thinks, designedly deceived Parliament and the country. The other articles in the volume are more technical in character, as indicated by their titles: "The Pedigree of Earl Godwin," with a table; "Some Mercenaries of Henry of Lancaster, 1327-1330," "Sidelights upon the Assessment and Collection of Mediæval Subsidies," by Professor Willard, of the University of Colorado, and "The Order of the Holy Cross (Crutched Friars) in England," a study of an order whose memory is kept alive

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to this day by the name of a street in the city of London near the Tower.

New material concerning Hawthorne is collected in Caroline Ticknor's "Hawthorne and his Publisher" (Houghton Mifflin). Thirteen years of his life—from 1851, when he published "The House of the Seven Gables," to his death in 1864—are with the help of excerpts from his miscellaneous writings pretty well covered in these letters to his publisher, William D. Ticknor. In the early part of the narrative Ticknor is prominent, and all the way he is a revealing figure. Hawthorne somewhere says that he thinks no other author ever was blessed with such a publisher. He appears to have been right. The shy, seclusive genius relied on Ticknor in all practical matters—in arrangements for his portrait, in purchasing gloves on a journey, in paying the bills of his tailor. Ticknor was his banker and business manager, accompanying him to Washington to conclude for him the negotiations concerning the Liverpool consulate, and later even sailing across the ocean to start him in the duties of the office. In short, he was unwearied in his attentions. His death directly resulted from his care for Hawthorne, about whom he wrapped his own overcoat on an unexpectedly chilly drive in Philadelphia and from whom he three days later took his eternal farewell.

Several chapters have an intimate literary interest. After some letters from Miss Margaret de Quincey, Ticknor journeyed to "Mavis Bush," at Lasswade, where, despite her warning that the "cottage is too small to offer you beds," he spent the night very pleasantly, finding De Quincey "a noble old man and eloquent," who "wins hearts in personal intercourse." Delia Bacon also reappears. Hawthorne was of opinion that women "are only to be distinguished from male authors by greater feebleness and folly," and he once exclaimed to Ticknor that he considered "all ink-stained women detestable." But his generous assistance of the author of the "Philosophy of the Plays of Shakespeare Unfolded" is well known. What is added here is the vigor with which he lent this assistance. Without consulting his publisher, he had half the edition that was printed in London at his expense sent to Boston with "Ticknor, Fields & Co." on the title-page. He wrote that, "having tried to help this poor woman, I do not like to desert her without doing my utmost. . . . By the by, Miss Bacon herself does not know of my pecuniary responsibility; so say nothing of it to anybody." The letters add something even to Theodore Bacon's bulky "Sketch" of his aunt's life. Hawthorne's interest was maintained to the end, when he confided: "The 1,000 copies, as they come from the printer's (exclusive of binding), have cost £238 7s. 9d. However, I do not repent me of what I have done; nor will I, even if I lose by it." And he did in fact lose nearly all of this sum. Many of the remaining letters deal with "The Marble Faun," its writing and revision, and his uncertainties and difficulties concerning the title, as Smith and Elder were "determined to take a title out of their own heads." He was not so diffident as usual about the book: "If I have written anything well, it should be this romance; for I have never thought or felt more deeply, or taken more pains." But up to the last moment he was willing to change the title he had clung to, if Whipple so advised.

Naturally the chief interest of the book is in Hawthorne himself. His elusive personality is made in these pages to show more of its human side than we find in previous collections of his writings. He does not reveal all in these intimate letters. Though he lived in a stirring period, he seldom touches on politics, except to express his humorous dislike of the British and his intermittent love of England as a place of residence. He is equally sparing of literary criticism, discovering little more than that he could not abide poetry and did not eagerly follow the work of contemporary writers. What he does tell us in these passages, what is scarcely hinted in "Our Old Home" or indeed in "Notes of Travel," is his preoccupations as head of a family, especially during the Liverpool consulship. The intangible and somewhat puzzling image of the man that floats before most of us becomes a solid and easily recognizable earth-born companion and fellow-mortal. At close range and in commonplace details he seems much as other men are. His pathetic longing for means and leisure, his impatience with the routine of official duty, his reluctance to submit his writings to the criticism of the public, his kindliness of heart struggling with common sense whenever an appeal for aid came to his ears—these and a score of other features in his daily life come to light in the letters which Caroline Ticknor has at length rescued from oblivion. This substantial and comely volume will accordingly be welcomed by every lover of our great American romancer.

Dr. James Douglas, in his "New England and New France" (Putnam), essays the task, as persistently difficult as it is perennially fascinating, of drawing historical parallels. In this instance, of course, the contrasts are more than the resemblances; and the chapters in which Dr. Douglas sets over against each other the history of the New England colonies and of New France tell, for the most part, independent stories, and thereby bring out, in striking fashion, the fundamental difference between the two regions in almost everything that relates to political theory, economic establishment, and governmental control. One suspects that the author either knows his New France better than he knows New England, or else that he likes it better; at least, the accounts of French colonial development show a range of incident and thoroughness of treatment less observable in the sketches of New England experience. The long chapters on the establishment of Plymouth and Massachusetts, for example—one notes, in passing, that for most purposes New England, with Dr. Douglas, comprises only Massachusetts—consist mainly of extracts from Bradford's "History" and Winthrop's journal. Much more interesting and original are the chapters on the status and careers of women in New France and New England, the contrasted state of education and religion in the two regions, and the successes and failures of Catholic and Protestant missions. Here the author's really wide acquaintance with his subject shows itself at its best, and the material is effectively handled. The agreeable sketch of *habitant* life in the Chaudière valley, originally written for the *Nation* in 1902, fares well with time. The illustrations reproduce some forty-five contemporary pictures and maps.

The Rev. Albert Whitcomb Snyder, a retired Episcopal clergyman, who died last week in New York, aged seventy-one, was at one time chaplain of Lehigh University, and had been rector of various churches in Illinois and New York. He was the author of "The Living Church," "The Chief Things," "Confirmation," "Church Doctrine for the People," and was also an editorial writer in religious and secular journals.

Science

Sport and Folk-Lore in the Himalaya. By Capt. H. L. Haughton. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3.50 net.

The author of this book, like so many Anglo-Indians, kept a journal while on duty, and after long hesitation has been persuaded to come into print. Unlike many of his fellow-countrymen of correspondingly weak wills, however, he has observed a good deal which is well worth the reading. The book is a Kashmiri potpourri, jumbled together beyond all hope of selection, and one's last hope of making it a work of reference vanishes when the miserable index is examined. The author is a keen observer, and has made many notes of really novel interest. But all this is as completely lost in the volume as if still hidden in Kashmir. Under the title Gilgit we read, pages 41, 44, 97, 98, and so on, to forty-seven meaningless references. An exhaustive index would have made this book thoroughly worth while.

By far the weakest portion is the so-called folklore, which hardly deserves this name, so local and circumscribed are most of the tales. It seems probable that the shikaris who narrated certain of the legends drew as freely upon their own imagination as upon any widespread lore of their people. Much better are the accounts of hunting experiences with bears, markhor, mountain sheep, and ibex. The habits, amounting almost to life histories of the animals, are very cleverly and unobtrusively woven into the account of the hunt itself. The versatility of the author is shown in chapter v, Some Pages from the Life Story of a Bear, where the account is from the bear's point of view, and well done. The picture of the

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mother bear in the hollow tree at the end of winter, first driving out her two yearling cubs to shift for themselves, then giving birth to two helpless things with slits for eyes and gaping toothless mouths, is absorbingly written, and the subsequent development and adventures of this trio is worthy of a high place among nature stories founded on fact.

But the best of the work is that descriptive of the people themselves, chiefly natives of Gilgit and Kashmir, and seldom has a writer given more vivid or accurate sketches of these picturesque natives. The chapter on A Gilgit Jalsa is especially good. A passage from the long account of the spectators at the afternoon's games deserves to be quoted:

> First come some smart little Gurkhas of the Kashmir Infantry and a party of long-limbed Punjabi Mohammedans belonging to the Mountain Battery. Close upon their heels follow several mounted officers, headed by the general commanding the Kashmir troops, a courtly old Dogra gentleman with over forty years' service, but active and upright though he has seen generations come and go during his many tours of duty in Gilgit. We have no time to talk to him now, or he might tell us of the hardships, the victories, and reverses of the Kashmir armies in these regions, before a handful of Sahibs came to organize and see that the troops got their rations and *occasionally* some of the pay that was due to them. . . . Other chieftains and men of rank quickly follow; the Mehtarjao of Yasin, in whom we may at once recognize the Chitrali strain by his round, almost child-like eyes. He looks the picture of jovial kindheartedness, bubbling over with boyish good spirits, and so he is—at times! For the rest, let us remember that he is a Chitrali, and then we shall not be surprised if on some future occasion we hear of him involved in some cruel intrigue, or see his now smiling face glowering with anger and hatred of some rival. But to-day he is riding and talking with the Governor of Punial, though "they that know" say there is but little love between them.

This reads more like a mediæval account of the attendance at lists, than of people living in the present year. It is this faculty of making these interesting natives individually alive that forms the chief charm of Capt. Haughton's book.

The Yale University Press will publish this spring "Mental Health of School Children, the Psycho-Educational Clinic in Relation to Child Welfare," by Dr. John Edward Wallace Wallin, director of the Psychological Clinic and professor of clinical psychology, University of Pittsburgh, and "The Fundamental Bases of Nutrition," by Graham Lusk, M.D.

The distinguishing feature of *Bird-Lore* for January-February is the census taken last Christmas of the bird-life of our country. The number of returns was greater than on any of the previous thirteen years. Two observers on Staten Island saw 1,008 birds of 30 different species. The artist, Louis Agassiz Fuertes, contributes a pleasant appreciation of the songs of the birds in the tropics and a colored plate of the wood thrush to illustrate the "educational leaflet," No. 72.

Petermann's Mitteilungen for January contains an account by Dr. W. Bachmann of his journey from Mosul to Van in central Kurdistan, with numerous illustrations and three colored charts showing heights, cultivated districts, forests, and roads. The remarkable promontory of Monte Argentario in Tuscany is described by Prof. G. Braun. The new boundaries of the Balkan states are treated in the military department from the geographic and ethnographic point of view, as well as the strategic value of inland ship canals.

Drama

Three Plays: The Stronger, Like Falling Leaves, Sacred Ground. By Giuseppe Giacosa. Translated from the Italian by Edith and Allan Updegraff. (The Modern Drama Series, edited by Edwin Björkman.) New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50 net.

There is a rich undercurrent of idealism in Italian literature of the nineteenth century. The liberalism of the revolution and the wars of independence fed on it. Free Thinkers, Catholics, and Reactionaries are alike inspired by it. The most corrupt Governments and the most violent reformers have advanced their programmes in its name. It has been deeply colored by scholastic philosophy and by Catholic insistence on free will and individual responsibility. It has been less social than individualistic, more ingenuous than effective, more utopian than practical. Going back to early Restoration days, we find this idealism in conflict with despotism; with the succession of middle-class Ministries and the growing consciousness of industrial problems, we find it in conflict with the spirit of greed and bourgeois materialism.

It is this latter struggle that Giacosa understands and that he studies most successfully. He had, to be sure, a certain sympathy with romantic sentimentalism. But when we think of Giacosa's creations it is neither Iolanda nor Diana that comes before us. "The Game of Chess" and the "Triumph of Love" are too lightly worked. Giacosa's lyric emotion was never clearly analyzed by himself, and the delicate humor that plays over that background, while it never lacks charm, has nothing particularly suggestive or profound. One feels accordingly that in making these selections from Giacosa's rich offering, Mrs. Updegraff has gathered together the most typical illustrations of his genius in a work that will give to the American public all of Giacosa it needs or will care to know. Her translations also are among the best that have appeared in the Italian field. Of all the recent output, they are the only ones to be compared with the high standards set by Mrs. Wharton in the versions of Sudermann and D'Annunzio. We have had translations of Giacosa coming from the professorial ranks. A glance at Mrs. Updegraff's work is enough to convince one that it was worth while to do the work over again, whether we consider accuracy of translation or efficacy of form. It is not that these latest translations are exact interpretations of Giacosa's thought. In a number of cases the subtleties of Italian idiom have surpassed the translator's linguistic competence. But even in such cases her dramatic sense has preserved both the coherence and the movement of text, so that the versions create quite the impression of original works.

The unpretentious introduction reviews sympathetically Giacosa's life and work. It might have been more useful had it taken its point of departure from research on Giacosa's visit and reception in America in 1892, rather than from a comparison of him with D'Annunzio. The comparison rightly concludes that there is no comparison possible. It wrongly credits Giacosa with superiority "as a student of real life"; and it wrongly gives these two men "recognized preëminence in modern Italian dramatic literature." Surely, a dozen names occur to one instantly as more essentially "dramatic," more responsive to Italian life, more enduring in vogue on the contemporary stage, and the statement that "Giacosa may safely be cited as the only modern Italian playwright who ever mastered" the "art of writing a play," needs no comment.

These slight, and often gratuitous, errors are such as to be easily remedied in future volumes from the Italian drama which are planned for the series.

"John Millington Synge and the Irish Theatre" (Macmillan), by Maurice Bourgeois, impresses one as a new invention. Here is a subject on the literary "firing-line," written up as for a Sunday magazine, yet soberly and judicially handled, and supplied with the elaborate critical apparatus of a doctor's dissertation. As a matter of fact, it was received with "mention très honorable" for the Diplôme d'Etudes Supérieurs at the University of Paris. The author has apparently read everything written anywhere on Synge up to September 1, 1913. In an effort to add fresh touches to his biographical portrait, he has also interviewed Lady Gregory, Yeats, George Moore, G. B. Shaw, Masefield, relatives of Synge, and, one is tempted to say, every one else in Ireland whose path the poet crossed. The aftermath of biographical facts is not heavy. We learn that Synge did not ape the green-faced decadents in Paris; but was "always very plainly dressed, wearing a celluloid collar and heavy boots, and generally muffled up in a white neckerchief and long black cape."

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His language was at times "almost incredibly gross, and he indulged in magnificent swear-words which had something of the Elizabethan or Rabelaisian licentiousness," yet, adds the historian, he "always remained as chaste and pure as ever man was." He was fond of Borrow, Pater, Loti, Anatole France, prided himself on his relationship to Lafcadio Hearn, and was in general far more intimately acquainted with contemporary literature and art than Mr. Yeats has allowed. He had no conversation, was reserved and silent and of a "peculiar tenebrosity of mind." Towards the end of his life he was occupied with an unpublished play dealing with the slums. The day before his death he desired to be moved into a room where he could see the Dublin mountains. "But he could not see them, and wept. The next day, at five in the morning, he said to the nurse, 'It is no use fighting death any longer,' and, turning over, passed away."

The spectacular revival of "Othello," which William Faversham has made at the Lyric Theatre, is a respectable but not remarkable achievement. To the scenery, admirable alike in design and color, almost unstinted praise may be awarded. It is the work of Joseph Harker, of London. But, as usual, the text suffered on account of the inevitable waits. R. D. MacLean, the Othello, was trained in the robust school of John McCullough, but has acquired a welcome moderation. His view of the Moor is that of a rough, simple soldier, and he played the first and second acts most effectively, with fine restraint and unaffected virility. In the later acts his acting was uneven. At times he sounded notes of genuine tragic emotion, but he could not sustain himself on the heights. Of some of the most exquisitely pathetic passages, he made little or nothing. But his performance was dignified and meritorious. Mr. Faversham, as the manager, chose Iago and kept him in the centre of the stage as much as possible. His interpretation was clever in its elaborate technique, but superficial, failing to indicate the power of an intellect and will necessary to provoke a catastrophe of such proportions. In striving to make Iago natural, colloquial, and plausible—as he often ought to be—he made him trivial. He failed to give any of those flashes of self-revelation in the soliloquies which imparted such vividness to the impersonation of Edwin Booth. He was interesting, but not terrible. Pedro de Cordoba was an excellent Cassius, but Constance Collier was a second-rate Emilia and Cecilia Loftus an exceedingly feeble Desdemona. It should be noted that the performance was received with favor by a crowded house.

The hundredth performance of G. K. Chesterton's "Magic" has just been given in the Little Theatre, London. A week or two ago the piece was doing so badly that its last performances were announced. Then there was a rush to see it, and the house has been full ever since. The probability is that all Mr. Chesterton's friends and admirers intended to see it at some time or other, but thought that there was no occasion for haste. The notice of withdrawal sent them all scurrying to the theatre at once. It is somewhat curious that the piece was so coolly received in the first instance, as it has many attributes which might be expected to be popular. Most of the critics treated it very unjustly. As a matter of fact, it is far more interesting than most persons would suppose after reading the published reports.

Oscar Asche and Lily Brayton will reopen the London Globe Theatre, which has been redecorated, on the 9th of March, with "Kismet." They expect to remain in London, or England, for a long time to come.

Laurence Irving and Mabel Hackney have left England for Montreal, where they start their Canadian tour on February 9. They have with them four plays, "Typhoon," "The Unwritten Law," "The Lily," and, by arrangement with Sir George Alexander, "The Importance of Being Earnest." On his return to England Mr. Irving will complete preparations, already well advanced, for the production of Herman Bahr's comedy, "Bonaparte," which depicts the love story of Napoleon and Josephine.

Mr. Keble Howard has completed arrangements for a second season of "repertory" at the Grand Theatre, Croydon, near London, starting on March 9. On this occasion he will act as sole director and producer. Not only has he in hand all the requisite plays, but he has also engaged the full company. The keynote of the season will be comedy, and English comedy at that, as he is of the opinion that last year's programme was somewhat too heavy.

The Incorporated Stage Society of London has in preparation two plays by Anatole France—the first, a light one-act comedy, "Au Petit Bonheur"; the second, the "Comedy of the Man Who Married a Dumb Wife." Both have been translated by Ashley Dukes.

Edward Compton, who for thirty years has been acting old English comedy in the English provinces, starts his spring tour next week. His repertory includes Lord Lytton's "Richelieu." "Money," and "The Lady of Lyons," together with "Davy Garrick," to be given in conjunction with the screen scene from "The School for Scandal."

"La Danse devant le miroir" is the name of a new play by François de Curel which has just been produced at the Paris Ambigu. The title is explained in a speech by one of the characters: "When two lovers are perfectly in love, each sees himself or herself in a mirror, thinks that the image is that of the other lover, and gazes raptly at himself or herself without noticing really that he or she is alone." The conclusion is that love always is "dancing before a looking-glass." Régine is rich, and loves Paul. Paul loves Régine, but is ruined. In fact, he has already tried to commit suicide. He will not be supported by a wife, even though it were a love match. "But would you not take me if I were in trouble and dishonored?" Of course he would—and he imagines that she has been betrayed. She had never thought of such an interpretation, but uses it to find out whether Paul is as distressed as a real lover should be. Paul finds that the whole story is an invention, and rejoices. He is assured again by Régine herself that it is all too true. A fortnight before the wedding he finds out finally that it is all false. On the wedding day all is explained. She is pure and he is a gentleman. If her tale had been true he would have married her out of devotion and shot himself afterwards. She holds him in her arms. He is her real hero—and he takes a pistol out of his pocket and does shoot himself. The picture she had formed of him was so noble that he was afraid he could not live up to it.

Music

MASSENET'S "DON QUICHOTTE."

The Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company (known in Chicago as the Chicago-Philadelphia Opera Company) has inherited Mary Garden and several other popular artists of the Parisian school from Oscar Hammerstein, which explains why French opera remains its mainstay, especially when it visits the Metropolitan Opera House, where French operas are not in favor with the management. This year four of these invasions are planned. The first of them, last week, gave New York music-lovers their first opportunity to hear Massenet's romantic opera, "Don Quichotte," which was produced under the direction of Cleofonte Campanini, with a cast including Mary Garden, Hector Dufranne, and Vanni Marcoux (at present a member of the Boston Opera Company), whom Massenet himself called a "superbe artiste," and who has sung the part of Don Quichotte in Paris 150 times.

At least a score of musical works have been based on the great novel of Cervantes, the first of them dating back to 1690. Massenet's opera can be classed with them only so far as the Knight and Sancho Panza and the episode of the windmills are concerned. For the rest, the plot is based on a play produced in Paris in 1904, its author, Jacques Le Lorrain, being a provincial cobbler who, like Hans Sachs, was "a poet, too." He died shortly after the production of his play, which was entitled "Le Chevalier de la longue figure," and Henri Cain converted it into a libretto.

In this opera book Dulcinea is a courtesan, whom it amuses to be adored by Don Quichotte as a model of virtue. When, after a duel with one of her admirers, he proposes marriage, she mockingly consents on condition that he shall restore to her a costly necklace stolen by the terrible Ténébrun. He promptly starts with his Rosinante and Sancho in quest of the robber band. Seeing a windmill, he takes it for a menac-

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ing giant, charges, and is knocked off his steed, without being seriously injured. In the next act he comes across the robbers, and again charges, but is soon disarmed and condemned to death. As they are preparing the halter, he makes them an address, telling of his mission in life to succor the poor and the oppressed. Ténébrun is moved to tears, and not only allows the knight to depart, but gives him the stolen necklace. With it he returns to find Dulcinea in the midst of festivities. She is delighted to recover her jewels, and so touched by his devotion that, after a fit of hilarity over his renewed offer of marriage, she tells him what sort of a woman she is; whereupon he retires, broken-hearted, with his faithful Sancho, to the depths of the forest, where he dies leaning against a tree, after once more seeing and hearing Dulcinea in his delirium.

As presented on the stage and intensified by Massenet's music, there is real pathos in this portrayal of the adventures of that grotesque mixture of fanaticism, blind impulsiveness, true chivalry, and kindliness known as Don Quijote de la Mancha. By way of contrast we have Sancho Panza, who seasons his devotion with a humor which reaches its climax in a tirade against all womankind, with which he tries to persuade his master that Dulcinea is merely having fun at his expense. The music is most impressive in the final scene, and in the festivities of the opening scene, where Spanish rhythms lend piquancy to the merry strains. The Don's serenade is commonplace, nor has Massenet provided Dulcinea with even one of those original and impassioned melodies which occur in those of his operas that have become famous. His "Don Quichotte" was not produced till 1910; when he wrote it he was beyond the age when composers seem to be able to create such melodies. In all other respects, however, the score reveals the practiced hand of a master of his craft. There are exquisite bits of orchestral coloring here and there, and Dulcinea's song to the accompaniment of her guitar in the fourth act has the true Spanish atmosphere and sprightliness. One of the finest effects occurs during the attack on the windmills, where the vigorous accents of the music are as exciting as the scene presented to the eyes. But it is in the introduction to the last act (which had to be repeated) and the subdued melancholy music accompanying the Don's last words to Sancho—on whom he bestows all he owns, the "Isle of Dreams"—that Massenet most nearly approaches the art which enabled him to place "Werther," "Manon," and especially the "Jongleur de Notre Dame" among the masterpieces of the French operatic stage.

We may expect shortly from the Putnams' press "Latin Songs, Ancient, Mediæval, and Modern, with Music," by Calvin S. Brown.

Lilli Lehmann has contributed 200,000 crowns (about $40,000), to the Mozarteum to be opened with a festival on August 12 at Salzburg. One feature of this festival will be the conducting by Dr. Muck and Arthur Nikisch, at the head of the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, of a series of pieces illustrating the evolution of symphonic music on Austrian soil.

The New York Philharmonic Orchestra has already engaged as one of next season's soloists Fritz Kreisler, who returns under the management of Charles E. Ellis.

Puccini was in Vienna not long ago, where he attended the one hundredth performance of his "Madama Butterfly" and the 172d of his "Bohême."

Cincinnati will have another May festival this year. These festivals have been held every other year, with a few exceptions, since 1874. The May Festival Association has never had to call upon its guarantee fund, and has accumulated a sinking fund of about $100,000.

According to the French composer, Ravel, who has lately taken to writing criticisms, modern composers owe their defects as well as their merits to Liszt, whom he admires greatly. It is to Liszt's defects, he writes, that "Wagner owes his turgescence; Strauss, his churlish enthusiasms; Franck, the ponderousness of his ideality; the Russians, their, at times, tinsel picturesqueness; the modern French, the simperings of their grace. But," he adds, "it is to him that all those dissimilar composers owe the best of their qualities."

Art

THE REVIVAL OF INDIAN ART.

LONDON, January 30.

The creation of Delhi as the seat of Government of British India, necessitating, as it does, the building of a new metropolis adjacent to the present city, at a cost of $20,000,000, as the officials compute it, or twice that sum, as some authorities assert, is quite naturally regarded as a potential event in the annals of Indian architecture—and for that matter, of Indian art. It has led to a heated discussion over the point as to whether the projected capital is to be erected by native master-builders in harmony with its surroundings, embodying the best features of Moghul, Buddhist, and Hindu architecture, or is to be constructed by Occidental architects in the classical, Renaissance, or purely modern style. Questions pertaining to the ideals and forms of art at present occupy the centre of the stage in the land of Ind, and are attracting the attention of the rulers as well as of the ruled, both of which communities, but a short time back, were justly accused of being apathetic towards such problems.

But whatever the Government may decide to do in the matter of dispensing its patronage to architects, there is no mistaking the fact that this wrangling has exerted a strong influence upon the natives, impelling them to appreciate indigenous art, and patronize Indian artists. This is really not a new impulse generated by the controversy. For some years past the cultured classes of Hindustan have realized that it would be most unfortunate if the process of modernization should kill the native artistic genius and reduce the Indians to mere imitators of Occidental artists.

This sentiment found dramatic expression when Dr. Ananda K. Coomaraswamy, who was in charge of the art section of the Allahabad Exhibition of 1910-11, barred the paintings of Ravi Varma, whose work, done in the style of the British Royal Academicians, had been rendered familiar to millions of natives, educated and ignorant, by cheap oleographs and collotypes, and many of whose masterpieces, bought at fancy prices, were hanging on the walls of the Laxmi Vilas palace—the favorite residence of the Gaekwar of Baroda, reputed to be one of the most discriminating Indians of his generation. The man who issued this mandate was a doctor of science of the University of London, steeped in the philosophy of William Morris, and recognized in Europe as an art critic of considerable discernment. He was only partly an Indian, the son of a Ceylonese knight who had married an Englishwoman, and had spent most of his years out of Hindustan. His decision to exclude Ravi Varma's paintings from the Allahabad Exhibition raised a commotion throughout India. But the cultured Indians gave him their influential support.

Several years prior to this a similar stir had been created when the gallery attached to the Calcutta School of Art was purged of all portraits done in the modern style, by Mr. E. B. Havell, in his capacity of principal of that institution. Mr. Havell's action, proceeding, as it did, from an English artist many generations of whose family had followed the same profession, gave deep umbrage to his countrymen; they accused him of resorting to such tactics to curry favor with Indians. Strange to say, it also offended many natives, who took the view that the alien artist was seeking to prevent the brown man from mastering the principles and technique of Western art. But the Briton refused to be daunted by opposition, and not only declined to undo his work, but repudiated the methods then prevalent in the Calcutta School of Art and introduced in their stead a curriculum of traditional ideals. He furthermore called attention to the fact that the useful arts of India were dying out: (1) because the Moghul Court which

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patronized the artists had passed away and the British administration gave them no support; (2) because Western-educated Indians were too materialistic to possess love or taste for art; (3) because the wealthy Indians gave encouragement to foreign and pseudo-foreign *objets d'art;* and (4) because the tourists and export traders compelled the Indians to produce articles that vulgarized their genius. Over and above this, he asserted, the handicrafts of the country were suffering from the alien imports—a competition which could be overcome if the native workers were to employ improved hand-looms and other modern tools, and if the cultured classes were to patronize their wares. This agitation was unpopular, especially with the British, who deemed it a thrust at their civilization and a direct incitement to native insolence. To this probably is due the fact that, though still in the prime of life, Mr. Havell had to retire from his Government position on the plea of ill health.

As the result of Mr. Havell's endeavors, the Calcutta School of Art has fostered a cult of imaginative and idealistic art. Those who belong to it do not seek to reproduce minute details, but, with a sweep of the brush, produce the broad, general outlines of the subject. The general impression that these paintings leave on the mind of the critic is that they are intended more to depict abstract thought than concrete form. The artists are Hindus steeped in the philosophy and mythology of their race, and the subjects they choose are generally of a sacerdotal and allegorical character, suggested by the lore of the Vedic and Pauranic periods.

Yet the campaign of revival lacked life and force until about the middle of the last decade. Then the Japanese victories on the Manchurian battlefields and in the Tshushima Straits stirred Hindustan out of its torpor. The spectacle of an Eastern Power defeating a Western foe came almost simultaneously with the partitioning of Bengal by Lord Curzon—an act which the educated Indians, rightly or wrongly, construed to be an unforgivable affront offered by the alien Administration to native public opinion. The two incidents combined to increase faith in the destiny of the Eastern races. The Indians stampeded back to the ideals of Vedas and indigenous æstheticism; and began to crave for spirituality instead of materialism, hand-manufactured goods instead of machine-made merchandise, and articles of purely native design and workmanship.

When this intellectual reaction came, native art was in a most depressed and degraded condition. The majority of Indians educated in the West, not having any conception of æstheticism or any love for it, made little attempt to adorn their homes and beautify their surroundings: the few who did selected foreign art products for this purpose. Oftentimes the native penchant for Occidental trumpery led to bizarre effects. In more than one drawing-room in India the writer has seen common hat-stands strewn about to decorate the parlors. In a Maharaja's palace, the walls were lined with plate-rails on which were placed cheap vases of every description, tall and short, slender and thick, glass, china, and pottery-ware, standing as close together as they could be crowded, while tables, cabinets, and what-nots groaned under a similar tawdry load. The desire to patronize foreign wares was especially strong in the half-educated, and even more so among the barely literate, who thought they should be able to make up for their lack of Western culture by surrounding themselves with articles of Occidental manufacture. Since the leisured classes largely consisted of poorly educated persons, it came to pass that the men whose progenitors took the keenest delight in encouraging the native artists now transferred their favor to *Vilayat*—Europe. The insensate length to which this was carried can be inferred from the fact that one wealthy Indian sent his soiled linen over-seas to Paris to be laundered. Whenever these people who were rich in resources and poor in culture patronized Indian artists, they did so only on condition that the craftsmen would consent to copy European rubbish. For instance, the generality of landlords employed builders whom they kept busy erecting houses, mostly patterned after barracks. Indian painters began to produce weird pictures in which Hindu gods were portrayed dressed in European costumes, and in a Western environment. Krishna was shown seated in a phaeton along with a number of devotees, while Siva was seen sitting in a chamber lighted with candles with glass shades. The women of India also evidenced the desire to possess the flimsy mulls and silks woven by machine in Manchester and Paris, compelled the native gold and silversmiths to copy patterns of *bijouterie* from catalogues of British firms, and forced the makers of kitchen and dining utensils, the embroiderer, and the weaver, to imitate Westerners.

The political convulsion, in addition to turning the sympathies of the Indians towards the encouragement of native artists and traditional methods, provided a direct impetus to the revival of Indian handicrafts, and especially to hand-loom weaving. This impulse proceeded from the boycott that the Bengalis instituted against British goods in 1905. Since the output of power-driven Indian mills was pitifully small compared with the requirements of the country, the boycotters found that they must patronize the hand-looms. Consequently the native weaver began to receive support such as he had not enjoyed for decades. Hand-loom weaving, at that time, had become a moribund industry. The weavers virtually confined themselves to producing coarse cotton cloth (which they often wove from machine-spun yarn), which held its own in the market only because it was stronger than that produced by machinery, and which, for that reason, was largely consumed by illiterate Indian villagers. Yet the weavers earned such miserable pittances that yearly hundreds of thousands were forsaking the hand-looms for factories and mills. Those whose forefathers had been engaged in weaving muslins of gossamer fineness, and patterns of intricate and artistic designs, were in a still more depressed condition, their number having decreased almost to the point of extinction. The boycott came to these people as a saviour. In the ebullition of feeling, coarse cloth was used in preference to the thin, machine product, by men and women who, a few years before, would not have deigned to look at it. Those who wove fabrics of a better grade were patronized even though the hand-made cloth cost more than did the products of the Manchester mills. Improved hand-looms were invented or imported so that the weaver could do more and better work with less expenditure of time and labor. Societies sprang up everywhere to help advance the cause of *Swadeshi*—India-made goods. Shops were established exclusively for the sale of country manufactures. The boycott did not last long, nor did it materially hurt the British trade; but it exercised a revivifying influence upon hand-loom weaving and other handicrafts. The Nationalist movement (of which the boycott was a transitory phase), however, appears to have come to stay in Hindustan, and is giving an impetus to Indian art, religion, philosophy, and culture in general.

With the calming of Hindostan's political temper, the insane repugnance for Western institutions, exhibited by many natives immediately after the Japanese victories and the partition of Bengal, has disappeared. Therefore, the tendency to belittle and reject all Western civilization has vanished. Indians to-day are not resisting all modernizing influences, nor do they refuse to recognize and admire the beauties of Occidental art and life. But the crisis of the past decade has given them discernment which safeguards the artistic heritage of ages, and which insures the indigenous traditions of art.

SAINT NIHAL SINGH.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have in their list of spring announcements: "Gothic Architecture in Spain," by George Edmund Street; "Religious Art in France, XIII Century," by Emile Male, translated by

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Dora Nussey, with 189 illustrations, and "The Great Art Treasures," edited by C. H. Collins-Baker.

The middle of March the Arnold Otto Meyer-Hamburg collection of drawings of the old masters will be sold at auction at the shop of C. G. Boerner, Leipzig. The collection contains many treasures of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, among them being original drawings by Rembrandt, Avercamp, Bega, Breugel, Cuyp, Everdingen, Goyen, Hobbema, Leyden, Ostade, Ruysdael, Terborch, and others, besides a large portrait of the Emperor Maximilian on horseback, by Burgkmair. A catalogue of the collection may be obtained from the firm of Boerner for three marks.

Mr. John V. Van Pelt's "The Essentials of Composition as Applied to Art" labors under the disadvantage of a too ambitious title. It is a second edition, revised and enlarged, of an earlier book which, under the more modest title of "A Discussion of Composition," has during the past ten or twelve years found considerable favor among both teachers and students of architecture. Based primarily, it should seem, on "La Composition decorative" of Mayeux, with amplifications showing the results of a varied though somewhat limited reading, it embodies the substance of lectures delivered to the students of architecture at Cornell University, and has the advantages and defects common to such books. It must of necessity be elementary in character to fit the stage of mental and æsthetic training of the students to whom it was addressed; and the casual and offhand allusions and *obiter dicta*, as well as the familiar style of the language in which they are expressed, seem at times somewhat beneath the dignity of a serious treatise. Moreover, it includes a number of topics which, proper enough in a manual for students of architectural design, are hardly appropriate material for a treatise on the essential principles of composition in art—such topics, for instance, as the programme for a riding-school, the proper arrangement of stables, or the right way to indicate "mosaic" in a plan. It would have been better to acknowledge frankly the evident field of usefulness for such a book by a title such as "A Manual of Suggestions for Students of Architecture"; for its scope is not that suggested by the title, and it nowhere handles æsthetic theory with broad philosophic grasp. On the other hand, it shows an alert mind, broad in its outlook and sympathies, and in its specific maxims and propositions and counsels it is generally sound. Its style is familiar, but readable, and it may be safely commended to students of architecture and of the arts most nearly allied to it. (The Macmillan Co.)

Charles Volkmar, one of the best-known art ceramists in America, died Friday at his home near Metuchen, N. J., aged seventy-two. He was the son of the late Charles Volkmar, of Baltimore, a portrait painter, and studied painting himself in the studio of the French landscapist, Harpignies. He was said to be the first artist in America to paint underglaze upon tiles, and his vases, jugs, and bowls in soft-toned glazes, manufactured in the pottery at Metuchen, brought him fame and were featured in all the exhibitions of arts and crafts in the country.

Finance

THE QUESTION OF BUSINESS REVIVAL.

Since the remarkable recovery on the New York Stock Exchange in January, followed by a similar revival in London (which the conservative London *Economist* describes as "the most important recovery that has taken place since the Boer War"), a general reaction in prices has ensued. It has resulted, at New York, in loss of a considerable part of the January gain in prices. At London, it has caused the loss of nearly 1½ point in British consols, following the extraordinary 6-point rise of the three preceding weeks.

It is true that evidences of a world-wide return to sound conditions in the money market have not ceased. On the contrary, in the face of the Stock Exchange reaction, two of the great European banks last week made further reduction in their rates, while the open market price of money reached still lower figures, both at London and at New York. There have also been signs of reviving activity in our steel trade, where prices, last week, advanced sharply for the first time since 1912, with orders on hand 10 per cent. above the January average and 20 per cent. above December. But even this left the mills working at only 65 per cent. of full capacity, and there have as yet been few distinct indications of revival in other industries.

Absence of such fulfilment of the recent inferences of Wall Street from the "bull market" then prevailing, and the fact that the market itself was moving down again, have caused the occasional remark that the action of Stock Exchange prices, during January, must have been illusory. But this suggests the inquiry, whether a stock-market movement like last month's may be safely taken as a forecast of general business prospects, and if so, why trade is making no response.

Those questions are best determined in the light of precedent. One is reminded, to begin with, of the markets of 1897, when the movement really began under which American finance and business were swept from the most extreme depression into what grew to be unparalleled prosperity. People familiar with that period, either through experience or through tradition, know that a great rise on the Stock Exchange occurred. But under what circumstances, in relation to the general position, and to what extent simultaneously with trade revival? The year before 1897 had been one of great hardship, in both finance and trade. Sales on the Stock Exchange in 1896 had been, with one exception, the smallest in sixteen years. It was in May, 1897, that the stock market began to rise; it went up 6 or 9 points in June, 10 points in July, and 8 or 10 in August—sales on the Exchange in the last-named month being the largest of any month in a decade.

But trade, during that vigorous three months' rise in stocks, did not revive at all; on the contrary, iron production, even in July, was 10 per cent. smaller than the year before; steel prices were lower than in January; unsold supplies had increased month by month, and business failures were more numerous. In September of 1897 the rise of stocks was replaced by a violent reaction. Prices fell 8 or 10 points that month, and the break continued. But at just that moment the trade recovery, which was to have so remarkable a later history, but of which there had previously been few signs, began. In the three autumn months of 1897, during which the decline on the Stock Exchange continued, iron production increased 20 per cent., to a higher weekly total than had ever before been reached. With the suddenly enlarged activity of trade, the country's bank clearings in September rose 50 per cent. above 1896.

The obviously interesting point of this retrospect is that trade revival did not really begin until three months after the rise in Wall Street started, nor until Wall Street prices were moving down again. The story of 1904, when recovery set in from the financial and industrial depression of the gloomy year which came before it, is equally interesting. From a condition of apathy in the first half of 1904, the stock market in July began to rise. In August the leading shares advanced 8 or 10 points; in September the rise was equally great; the market of October and November assumed the proportions of a boom.

But as late in that period as September, prices were demoralized in the steel trade and business at large was halting. It was only towards the close of that month—nearly three months after the stock market rise had got under way—that an upward turn came in the steel trade, and it was December, when Stock Exchange prices were indulging in a "perpendicular decline," which witnessed the first revival in the field of general business. So also reads the testimony of the first trade revival after the panic of 1907. On both Stock Exchange and business markets, the early recoveries of 1908 were the brief and abortive "Sunshine movements." It was November of that year when the financial public took the bit in its teeth and ran away with stock-market prices; but it

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April of the following year before decline in price of steel was check- and a recovery began which rapidly ad to the whole business field.

i due course, we shall see to what nt, if at all, such a sequence of its is to be observed in the various kets of 1914. Precedent at least ns to prove this—that when real re- ery is under way, the Stock Exchange only indicates it first, but completes forecasting process some considera- time before the industrial recovery ich it prophesied has itself begun. If e asked the reason for this relatively w response of the business world, the swer of experienced people probably uld be that the plans of trade and in- stry can be changed and reversed ly with slow deliberation, even when vorable underlying conditions are animously recognized; whereas the ock Exchange, if it discovers such con- tions overnight, can begin to "reflect" em energetically next morning.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

aerlein, Henry. Abu'l Ala, the Syrian. (Wisdom of the East series.) Dutton. 70 cents net.
ardoux, Jacques. Croquis d'Outre-Manche. Paris: Hachette.
arry, J. D. Outlines: A Collection of Studies. San Francisco: Elder.
ird, Richard. The Gay Adventure. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.
Björnson's Plays. Translated by Edwin Björkman. Second series. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Blakeslee, G. H. Recent Developments in China. Stechert.
Bolte, J. W. The Back Yard Farmer. Chicago: Forbes. $1.
Booses, Max. Art in Flanders. (Ars Una series.) Scribner.
Briggs, C. A. Theological Symbolics. Scribner. $2.50 net.
Bunau-Varilla, Philippe. Panama. McBride, Nast. $3.50 net.
Call, W. T. Boy's Book on Logic. Brooklyn, N. Y.: W. T. Call. 50 cents.
Cescinsky, H., and Webster, M. R. English Domestic Clocks. Dutton. $10 net.
Chadwick, M. L. Blossom Babies. Eaton & Mains. 75 cents net.
Cheyney, E. P. A History of England. Vol. I. Longmans. $2.50 net.
Coffin, J. H. The Socialized Conscience. Baltimore: Warwick & York. $1.25.
Crozier, G. B. Children's Indoor Games; Outdoor Games; Parties. Dutton. 50 cents net, each.
Dahlke, Paul. Buddhist Stories. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Dell, E. M. The Rocks of Valpré. Putnam. $1.35 net.
Droke, A. E. S. The Diary of a Minister's Wife. Eaton & Mains. $1.25 net.
Edwardes, Tickner. The Honey-Star: A Novel. Dutton. $1.35 net.
England, G. A. Darkness and Dawn. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.35.
Fitzgibbon, H. M. The Story of the Flute. Scribner.
Forman, S. E. Advanced American History. Century Co. $1.50.
Garland, Hamlin. The Forester's Daughter. Harper. $1.25 net.
Garofalo, Raffaele. Criminology. Translated by R. W. Millar. Boston: Little, Brown. $4.50 net.
Gerry, M. S. The Masks of Love. Harper. $1.20 net.
Graves, T. S. The Court and the London Theatres during the Reign of Elizabeth. University of Chicago.
Havens, Munson. Old Valentines: A Love Story. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Howard, Keble. Lord London. McBride, Nast. $1.25 net.
Hutchinson, J. R. The Press-Gang Afloat and Ashore. Dutton. $3 net.
James, J. A. Readings in American History. Scribner.
Kennedy, C. R. The Idol-Breaker. Harper. $1.25 net.
Lee, G. S. Crowds, Jr. Doubleday, Page. 50 cents net.
Le Sueur, Gordon. Cecil Rhodes. McBride, Nast. $3.50 net.
Lowry, E. B. The Home Nurse. Chicago: Forbes & Co. $1.
Mackintosh, Robert. Christianity and Sin. Scribner. 75 cents net.
Mavor, James. Applied Economics. (Modern Business series, Vol. I.) Alexander Hamilton Institute.
Newman, F. H. Out of Bondage. San Francisco: Elder & Co. $2.50.
O'Donnell, W. C. Creed and Curriculum. Methodist Book Concern. 75 cents net.
Oldham, W. F. India, Malaysia, and the Philippines. Eaton & Mains. $1.
Poincaré, Raymond. How France is Governed. McBride, Nast. $2.25 net.
Princeton University Archæological Expeditions to Syria in 1904-1905 and 1909. Division IV, Semitic Inscriptions, By Enno Littmann. Princeton University.
Reed, H. S. A Manual of Bacteriology. Boston: Ginn.
Richards, J. T. Romance on el Camino Real. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.35 net.
Rogge, D. B. Der Grosse Preussenkönig. With notes and vocabulary by W. A. Adams. Boston: Heath. 45 cents.
Saint-Méry, Moreau de. Voyage aux Etats-Unis de l'Amérique, 1793-1798. New Haven: Yale University Press. $2.50 net.
"Simmie." Anthony and Hero, and Short Stories. New Haven: F. Simon.
Stuck, Hudson. The Ascent of Denali (Mount McKinley). Scribner. $1.75 net.
Sudermann, Hermann. Die Lobgesänge des Claudian. Lemcke & Buechner. $1.
Taylor, D. C. Self Help for Singers. H. W. Gray Co. $1.
Tennyson's Idylls of the King (Selections). Boston: Ginn. 25 cents.
The Quest of the Spirit. By "A Pilgrim of the Way." Edited and arranged by G. Stebbins. E. S. Werner. $1.25 net.
The Saviour's Life. Paulist Press. $1.
Van de Water, V. T. The Shears of Delilah. Putnam. $1.25 net.
Vasari Society's Reproductions. Part VIII, 1912-13; Part IX, 1913-14. Oxford University Press.
Walter, J. E. Nature and Cognition of Space and Time. West Newton, Pa.: Johnston & Penney. $1.35.
Walton, G. L. The Flower-Finder. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Warren, T. H. Robert Bridges, Poet Laureate: A Public Lecture. Oxford University Press.
Whitworth, G. The Art of Nijinsky. McBride, Nast. $1.10 net.
Wiggin, K. D. Bluebeard: A Musical Fantasy. Harper. 50 cents net.
Woodberry, G. E. The Flight and Other Poems. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Woods, M. L. Collected Poems. Lane. $1.50 net.
Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats. Selections, edited for schools by W. P. Trent and J. Erskine. Boston: Ginn. 25 cents.
Young, W. E. Thirty Organ Pieces for use in Christian Science Churches. Boston: Oliver Ditson.
Williamson, R. W. The Ways of the South Sea Savage. Phila.: Lippincott. $3.50 net.

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